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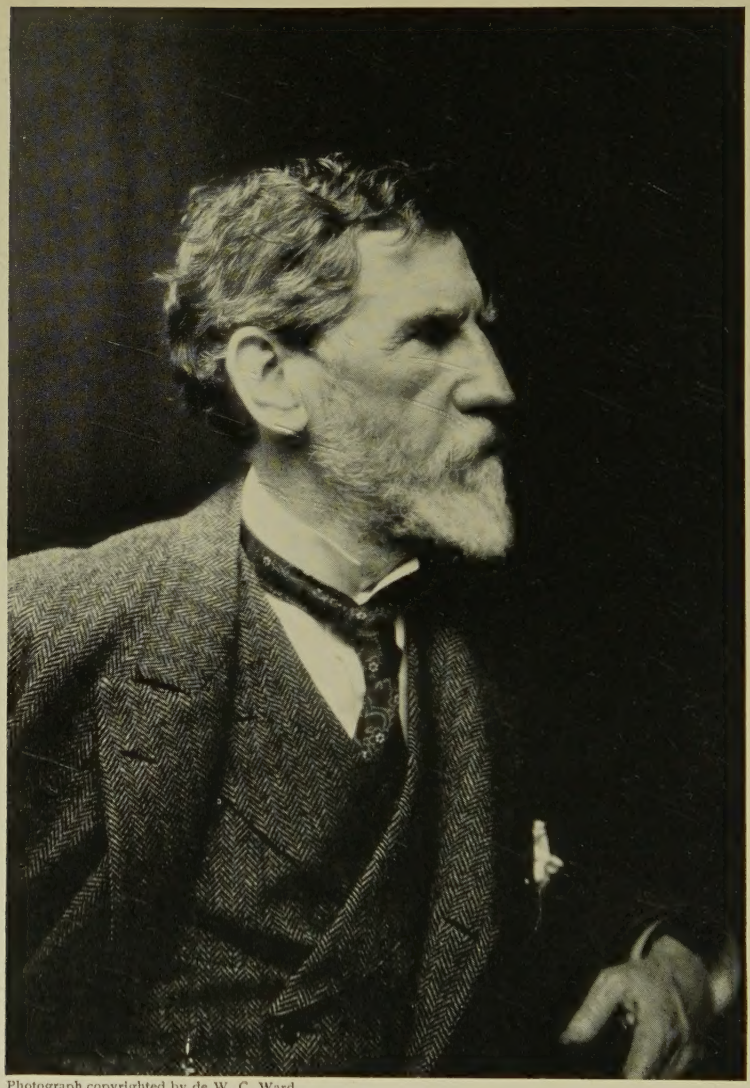

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PORTRAIT OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

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MODERN TENDENCIES IN SCULPTURE

BY

LORADO TAFT

THE SCAMMON LECTURES FOR 1917
PUBLISHED FOR THE ART INSTITUTE
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"SCULPTURE SHOULD BE THE MOST EXCEPTIONAL OF THE ARTS. IT SHOULD ETERNALIZE ONLY THE RAREST AND THE MOST ABSOLUTELY BEAUTIFUL MOMENTS OF LIFE, CHOOSING WITH IRREPROACHABLE DISCRIMINATION FROM THE FORMS, THE JOYS, AND THE SORROWS OF HUMANITY. A SCULPTURED MOMENT WHICH IS NOT ADMIRABLE IS A PERMANENT CRIME, A PERSISTENT AND INEXCUSABLE OBSESSION."

—MAETERLINCK

NOTE

The lectures presented in this volume comprise the thirteenth series delivered at the Art Institute of Chicago on the Scammon Foundation. The Scammon Lectureship is established on an ample basis by bequest of Mrs. Maria Sheldon Scammon, who died in 1901. The will prescribes that these lectures shall be upon the history, theory, and practice of the Fine Arts (meaning thereby the graphic and plastic arts) by persons of distinction or authority on the subject on which they lecture, such lectures to be primarily for the benefit of the students of the Art Institute, and secondarily for members and other persons. The lectures are known as "The Scammon Lectures."

FOREWORD

The most ancient and enduring of the arts has, like all things human, its fashions. Styles come and go in the sculptor's studio as in the millinery shops. Someone has said of literature: "Each period must have its weed-like crop in order that a few memorable products may triumphantly survive the moment which gives them birth." This is not less true of the other forms of expression.

In the story of France, Gothic art succeeded the Romanesque and gave way in due course before the insinuating appeal of the Italian Renaissance. This new gift of the South, transplanted to Gallic soil, developed unforeseen qualities of adaptability and delighted the world with its charm, only to fade in turn before Italy's third invasion, that wave of classicism which, in spite of Houdon, left the banner of Canova fluttering over every stronghold.

The mighty Rude, "halting ever between two opinions" but producing a national masterpiece, was followed by his fiery disciple, Carpeaux, who set all the new monuments of Paris awhirl. Against this increasing agitation, this gathering of pedestaled dervishes, the serene sculpture of Paul Dubois and Chapu made in vain its dignified protest; henceforth it was a mad race to see who could be the most startling and vehement.

Now comes Rodin, an incomparable workman, whose fragmentary art has altered the fashion of the entire

world. His imitators attempt "short cuts" to his extraordinary achievements. As his work gradually became incoherent and exaggerated the little men gaily took their cue, "exacting spontaneity even at the expense of rationality." Ignoring the great traditions, they have repudiated the search of the antique symmetry only to succeed in many cases in "laboriously violating law." More frequently, however, their weird products contain no hint of either cerebration or manual skill.

Fortunately, other strong influences have been at work, and the structure of a thousand years is not to be destroyed without protest. A group of young men have rediscovered the simple massive art of their medieval masters; the limestone of which the cathedrals were built is beginning once more to blossom and bear fruit. Some of the most interesting and significant things in recent French sculpture are carved in a material which would have been disdained a few years ago.

Similar revolutionary changes have been going on in other lands. The name of Constantin Meunier, the Belgian sculptor of labor, has become almost as familiar as that of Jean François Millet. Sinding, the Scandinavian, is a strange descendant of Thorwaldsen. And in Germany, what would Rauch and Rietschel say of the men who inhabit their studios today? Hildebrand must rub his eyes in wonder over the extraordinary brood that he has brought forth. Did Begas leave a bewildered benediction to the Lederers and Metzners who trod so ruthlessly upon his heels? Classicism died hard in that land and the Romantic spirit which was so essentially

Teuton made surprisingly little impression upon German stone and bronze. The new nationalism, however, brought forth striking results, producing some of the most impressive public monuments of modern times, while Germany's recent decorative sculpture has its imitators everywhere.

And Mestrovic and Aronson and all the other untamed spirits continually emerging from shadowy lands—those unclassified geniuses whose exotic art is too powerful to be overlooked—what is to be their share in the readjustment of the "balance of power"?

In America we have been blessed with the example of a great master whose probity and sanity have been an immeasurable benefit to all. Saint-Gaudens' influence cannot be overestimated. Yet no one man's leadership is sufficient to bring us into the promised land. The myriad ways in which American sculptors are seeking artistic salvation is an appealing theme.

These later movements with their protagonists seem to offer promising and timely material for a course of lectures on *Modern Tendencies in Sculpture.*

LORADO TAFT

NOTE.—On account of delay in publishing, slight changes have been made in some of these lectures, also additions in a few cases. They remain, however, essentially as given. If already they have the flavor of ancient history, it may be because "nothing is more out of date than the modern."

L. T.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
List of Illustrations	xiii
Lecture I. Auguste Rodin	1
Lecture II. Recent French Sculpture	24
Lecture III. Recent German Sculpture	50
Lecture IV. Recent Sculpture in Various Lands	73
Lecture V. Augustus Saint-Gaudens	97
Lecture VI. Some Recent Tendencies in American Sculpture	118
Index	149

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

LECTURE I

		FACING PAGE
Rodin:	1. Young Girl	4
	2. Man with the Broken Nose	4
	3. Age of Bronze	4
	4. St. John the Baptist	4
	5. Adam	5
	6. Eve	5
	7. Ugolino	5
	8. Genius of War	5
	9. Bust of Jean Paul Laurens	8
	10. Bust of Victor Hugo	8
	11. Bust of Jules Dalou	8
	12. Bust of Puvis de Chavannes	8
	13. La Pensée	9
	14. Bust of Mme Vicunha	9
	15. Caryatide	9
	16. Child's Dream	9
	17. Statue of Bastien-Lepage (Damvillers, France)	10
	18. Monument to Claude Lorrain (Nancy, France)	10
	19. Statue of President Sarmiento (Buenos Aires)	10
	20. Apollo (Base of Sarmiento Monument)	10
	21. The Burghers of Calais	11
	22. Study for Victor Hugo Monument	11
	23. The Thinker	14
	24. The Thinker	14
	25. Detail of the Burghers of Calais	14
	26. Balzac	14
	27. Danaïde	15
	28. Springtime	15
	29. Le Baiser	18

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

RODIN (*continued*): 30. Le Baiser; detail 18
31. Metamorphosis 18
32. Three Figures from La Porte d'Enfer 18
33. Love Flies 19
34. The Dream 19
35. Bust of Eve Fairfax 20
36. A Study of Dusé 20
37. Romeo and Juliet 20
38. The Embrace. 20
39. The Centauress 21
40. A Child of the Century 21
41. Brother and Sister 21
42. A Night in May 21
43. The Hand of God 20
44. Prometheus and Sea Nymph 20
45. Sappho 20
46. Earth and the Moon 20
47. The Eternal Idol. 21
48. L'Emprise 21
49. Group. 21
50. La Source. 21

LECTURE II

MATISSE, HENRI: 51. Young Girl 26
52. Reclining Woman 26
53. Group. 26
54. Woman Sitting 26
GAUDIER-BRZESKA: 55. Seated Figure 27
56. The Singer 27
57. Caritas 27
58. Head of Ezra Pound 27
BRANCUSI, CONSTANTIN: 59. Mlle Pogany 30
60. A Head 30
ARCHIPENKO, ALEXANDRE: 61. Family Life 30

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

BRANCUSI: 62. The Kiss 30
DALOU, JULES: 63. Monument to Delacroix 31
MERCIÉ, ANTONIN: 64. Monument to Baudry 31
BARRIAS, LOUIS ERNEST: 65. Monument to Victor Hugo (front) 31
66. Monument to Victor Hugo (back) 31
PUECH, DENYS: 67. Muse of André Chenier 32
68. Class Memorial 32
69. Siren 32
70. Monument to Admiral Garnier 32
LARCHE, FRANÇOIS: 71. Monument to Corot 33
GAUQUIÉ, HENRI: 72. Monument to Watteau 33
VERLET, CHARLES RAOUL: 73. Monument to Maupassant . . 33
PIRON, EUGÈNE DÉSIRÉ: 74. Monument to Piron 33
VILLENEUVE, JACQUES: 75. Monument to Rabelais 34
MARQUESTE, LAURENT H.: 76. Monument to Waldeck-Rousseau 34
PUECH: 77. Monument to Perrault. 34
FRÉMIET, EMMANUEL: 78. Monument to Raffet 34
LOISEAU-BAILLY, GEORGES: 79. Monument to Carnot . . . 35
MASSOULE, A.: 80. Monument to Macé 35
ROCHE, PIERRE: 81. Monument to Dalou. 35
MOREAU, MATHURIN: 82. Monument to Joigneaux 35
SICARD, FRANÇOIS: 83. Monument to Barbey. 34
CHAMPEIL, J. B.: 84. Monument to Godard 34
MICHEL, GUSTAVE: 85. Monument to Jules Ferry 34
BARRIAS: 86. Detail of Monument to Augier 34
MERCIÉ: 87. Monument to Gounod 35
SAINT-MARCEAUX, RENÉ DE: 88. Monument to Dumas. . . 35
SICARD: 89. Monument to George Sand 35
SAINT-MARCEAUX: 90. Monument to Daudet 35
FALGUIÈRE, ALEXANDRE: 91. Henri de la Rochejacquelin . . 38
92. Diana 38
93. Woman with Peacock 38
94. Dancer 38

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

CLAUDEL, MLLE CAMILLE: 95. The Gossips 39
96. The Waltz 39
97. The Ripe Age 39
98. Clotho. 39
CARLÈS, ANTONIN JEAN: 99. Juno 38
CORDONNIER, ALPHONSE: 100. The Song 38
CHARPENTIER, FÉLIX: 101. The Bicycle 38
102. Voluptuousness 38
SICARD: 103. Hagar and Ishmael 39
DUBOIS, ERNEST: 104. The Pardon 39
LEFÈVRE, CAMILLE: 105. Happiness 39
DAGONET, ERNEST: 106. Eve 39
BARTHOLOMÉ, ALBERT: 107. Monument Aux Morts 40
VERMARE, ANDRÉ: 108. Pierrot. 41
RIVIÈRE, LOUIS: 109. Les Deux Douleurs. 41
TISNÉ, JEAN LUCIEN: 110. Tout en Fleurs 41
JOJON, MLLE: 111. Child with Balloon 41
ROGER-BLOCHE, PAUL: 112. Le Froid 42
113. L'Enfant 42
114. L'Accident 42
LEFEBVRE, HIPPOLYTE: 115. Au Printemps 43
GUILLAUME, EMILE: 116. Aux Champs 43
CHARBONNEAUX, PIERRE: 117. Grape-gathering in Champagne 43
MAILLOL, ARISTIDE: 118. Seated Woman 44
119. Draped Figure 44
120. Crouching Woman 44
121. Flora. 44
BOURDELLE, EMILE: 122. Bust of Rodin 45
123. Bust of Ingres 45
124. Mother and Child 45
125. Head of Beethoven. 45
126. Music 44
127. The Dance 44
128. Hercules. 44

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

LANDOWSKI, PAUL: 129. The Architect 44
130. The Sons of Cain 45
BOUCHARD, HENRY: 131. Monument to Reformers (Geneva) 45
132. Plowing in Burgundy 45
133. The Master Workman 46
134. Blacksmith in Repose 46
135. Monument to Aeronauts 46
136. Fishermen 46
137. Claus Sluter 47
ROUX, CONSTANT: 138. Statue of Poussin 46
DAVID, FERNAND: 139. Consolation 46
QUILLIVIC, RENÉ: 140. Breton Mourners 46
CORDONNIER: 141. Funeral 46
SICARD: 142. Scarf Dancer 47
BOUCHER, JEAN: 143. Fra Angelico 47
DESBOIS, JULES: 144. Winter 47
MICHEL: 145. Monument to Beethoven 47
BOUCHARD: 146. Fountain, Girl and Gazelle 48
QUILLIVIC: 147. Petite Bigoudaine 48
JACQUOT, CHARLES: 148. Le Soir 48
MONARD, LOUIS DE: 149. Aux Aviateurs 48
DESPIAU, CHARLES: 150. Paulette 49
JACQUES, MARCEL: 151. Bust of an Old Woman 49
HANIN, MLLE JEANNE: 152. Bust of L'Abbé Lemire . . . 49
FAVRE, MAURICE: 153. Bust of Emile Fabre 49

LECTURE III

BARTH, GEORG: 154. Arabian and Egyptian Water-Carriers . 52
HILDEBRAND, ADOLF: 155. Duke Karl Theodor of Bavaria . . 52
UPHEUS, JOSEPH: 156. Bust of Heinrich of Antwerp 52
TUAILLON, LOUIS: 157. Frederick III (Bremen) 53
LEDERER, HUGO: 158. Frederick III (Aachen) 53
STUCK, FRANZ: 159. Amazon 53
TUAILLON: 160. Amazon 53

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

EBERLEIN, GUSTAV: 161. The Secret 54
BREUER, PETER: 162. Adam and Eve 54
KLINGER, MAX: 163. Beethoven 54
164. Salome 54
LEDERER: 165. Bismarck Monument (Hamburg) 55
METZNER, FRANZ: 166. Völkerschlacht Monument 55
LEDERER: 167. Seated Bismarck 56
168. Bismarck (Hamburg) 57
169. Fate 57
METZNER: 170. Detail of Völkerschlacht Monument (Leipzig) . 57
171. Detail of Völkerschlacht Monument. 57
172. KYFFHÄUSER MONUMENT 58
173. KYFFHÄUSER MONUMENT 58
METZNER: 174. Decoration on Haus Tietz (Düsseldorf) . . . 58
175. Detail of Haus Tietz 58
176. Detail of Haus Rheingold (Berlin) 59
177. Detail of Haus Rheingold 59
178. Figure from Haus Rheingold 59
179. Figure from Haus Rheingold 59
180. Detail from Haus Rheingold 58
181. The Abbess 58
182. The Earth. Detail of Fountain (Reichenberg) . . 58
183. Otto II 58
184. Entrance to Völkerschlacht Monument 59
185. Crypt of Völkerschlacht Monument 59
186. Bust of a Lady 60
187. A Child 60
188. Sorrow Burdened 60
189. Sitting Female Figure 60
190. The Dance 61
191. Music 61
192. Stelzhamer Monument 61
193. Industry. 61
194. The Mother. 62
WILFERT, KARL: 195. Sensitivity 62

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

LEHMBRUCK, WILHELM: 196. Detail of Kneeling Woman . . 62
197. Kneeling Woman 62
WACKERLE, JOSEPH: 198. Stone Figures on House (Berlin) . . 63
EICHLER, THEODOR: 199. Porcelain Figure 63
WACKERLE: 200. Peasant Woman (porcelain) 63
ELKAN, BENNO: 201. Persephone 62
HOETGER, BERNHARD: 202. Bust of Frau S. 62
203. Light. 62
204. Bust of a Maiden 62
WEYR, ADOLPHE VON: 205. Triumphal Procession (Vienna) . . 63
LUKSCH-MAKOWSKA, ELMA: 206. Relief in Bürger Theater (Vienna) 63
SIEBURG, GEORG: 207. Decorative Figure from Marble House Theater (Berlin) 64
208. Decorative Figure 64
209. Proscenium of Marble House Theater 64
DAMMAN, HANS: 210. Salome 65
HALLER, HERMANN: 211. Standing Woman 65
STEMOLAK, KARL: 212. Figure on Tombstone 65
KOWARIK, HUBERT: 213. Salome 65
ELKAN: 214. Stone of Lamentation at Wickrath 66
215. Portrait Head 66
216. Crouching Woman 66
HANAK, ANTON: 217. Lifting 67
218. Austria 67
219. Parting 67
220. Child Figure 67
221. Eternity 66
LEDERER: 222. Wrestler 66
HANAK: 223. Head 66
LEDERER: 224. Portrait of Richard Strauss 66
HABICH, LUDWIG: 225. Portal Figure (Darmstadt) 67
226. Portal Figure 67
HAHN, HERMANN: 227. Goethe (Lincoln Park, Chicago) . . 67
228. Moltke Memorial (Bremen) 67

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

GAUL, AUGUST: 229. Boy on Donkey 68
BEHN, FRITZ: 230. Antelope 68
GAUL: 231. An Eagle 68
232. Lion 68
LANGER, RICHARD: 233. Shepherd Boy 69
HALLER: 234. Standing Girl. 69
GEORGII, THEODOR: 235. Entombment 69
KOLBE, GEORG: 236. Standing Girl 70
237. Dancer 70
238. Garden Figure 70
239. The Awakening. 70
SEGER, ERNST: 240. Seventeen-Year-Old Girl 71
LANGE, ARTHUR: 241. Half-Figure of a Girl 71
MISSFELDT, HEINRICH: 242. After the Bath 71
LIMBURG, JOSEF: 243. The Lorelei 71
AICHELE, PAUL: 244. Sleep 70
BRÜTT, ADOLF: 245. The Night. 70
KRIKAWA, KARL: 246. Fruitfulness 70

LECTURE IV

GILBERT, ALFRED: 247. Queen Victoria (Winchester) . . . 74
248. St. George and the Dragon 74
249. Virgin. Tomb of the Duke of Clarence (Windsor). . 74
250. St. Michael. Tomb of the Duke of Clarence (Windsor) 74
THORNYCROFT, HAMO: 251. Colet Memorial (London) . . . 75
DRURY, ALFRED: 252. Richard Hooker 75
253. Detail of Door of Victoria and Albert Museum. . . 75
254. Age of Innocence 75
MACKENNAL, BERTRAM: 255. Tragedy Enveloping Comedy . 76
COLTON, ROBERT: 256. The Crown of Love 76
TOFT, ALBERT: 257. The Bather 76
BROCK, SIR THOMAS: 258. Detail, "Truth"; Queen Victoria Memorial 76

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

FRAMPTON, SIR GEORGE: 259. Peter Pan 77
260. Bernardo Memorial 77
BAYES, GILBERT: 261. At the Crest of the Hill 77
262. A Knight on His War Horse 77
MEUNIER, CONSTANTIN: 263. Dockhand 78
264. Miners 78
265. The Ironworker 78
ROUSSEAU, VICTOR: 266. Adolescents 79
VAN BIESBROECK, J.: 267. Grief 79
268. The People Mourn 79
MINNE, GEORGE: 269. The Bricklayer 80
270. Volder Monument 80
271. Project for a Fountain 80
MILLES, CARL: 272. Elephants 81
273. Prehistoric Monsters 81
274. Portrait of Oscar Levertin 81
275. Girls Dancing 81
ELDH, CARL: 276. Karl Nordstrom 82
277. Monument to Swedish Poet Wonnerberg 82
TROUBETZKOY, PRINCE PAUL: 278. Little Girl and Dog . . . 82
279. Portrait of Sorolla y Bastida 82
ARONSON, NAOUM: 280. Group 83
281. Despair 83
282. An Old Man 83
283. Young Girl 83
284. Petite Bretonne 84
285. Portrait 84
286. Old Silesian Woman 84
287. L'Aurore 84
BIONDI, ERNESTO: 288. Saturnalia 85
289. Les Recluses Misérables 85
BISTOLFI, LEONARDO: 290. Resurrection 86
291. The Sphinx 86
292. Detail of Monument to Senator Orsini (Genoa) . . 86
293. The Beauty of Death. Tomb of Sebastiano Grandis . 87

FACING PAGE

BISTOLFI, LEONARDO (*continued*): 294. The Spirit of the Snowy Alps. Segantini Monument 87
295. Garibaldi Monument (San Remo) 87
296. The Offering 88
QUÉROL, AUGUSTIN: 297. Monument to Quevedo (Madrid) . 89
298. Study for Monument to Alphonse XII 89
299. Tomb of Canovas del Castillo 89
CLARA, JOSÉ: 300. Twilight 90
301. Seated Nude Figure 90
302. Hungarian Pavilion (Turin Exposition) 91
303. Entrance. Hungarian Pavilion 91
LIGETI, NICOLAS: 304. Figures of Soldiers (Turin Exposition) . 91
STURSA, JAN: 305. Playmates 92
306. Morning Hour 92
307. Girl Combing Her Hair 93
308. Kneeling Girl 93
309. Melancholy Girl 93
310. Memorial 93
MESTROVIC, IVAN: 311. Two Widows. Fragment for Temple of Fallen Heroes 94
312. Memory 94
313. A Widow 94
314. Marco 95
315. Head of a Hero 95
316. Mother and Child 95
317. Hero 95
318. The Sculptor's Mother 94

LECTURE V

FRONTISPIECE OF BOOK: Portrait of Augustus Saint-Gaudens . iii
SAINT-GAUDENS: 319. Portrait Bust of Saint-Gaudens' Father . 100
320. Portrait Bust of General Sherman 100
321. Silence (Masonic Temple, New York) 100
322. Hiawatha (Saratoga, N.Y.) 100

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

SAINT-GAUDENS (*continued*): 323. Relief of Children of Prescott Hall Butler 101
324. Adoration of the Cross 101
325. Relief of Mrs. Stanford White 101
326. Relief of Edwin Hubbell Chapin, D.D. 104
327. Relief of Homer Saint-Gaudens 104
328. Relief of Children of Jacob Schiff 104
329. Relief of Bastien-Lepage 104
330. Lincoln Monument (Lincoln Park, Chicago) . . . 105
331. Farragut Monument (New York City) 108
332. Adams Memorial (Washington) 108
333. Angels for Morgan Tomb 109
334. Amor Caritas 109
335. Dr. McCosh Memorial (Princeton University) . . . 109
336. Dr. Bellows Memorial (New York City) 109
337. Shaw Memorial (Boston) 112
338. Sherman Memorial (New York City) 112
339. Detail of Adams Memorial 113
340. Deacon Samuel Chapin, or "The Puritan" (Springfield, Mass.). 113
341. Cooper Memorial (New York City) 113
342. Brooks Memorial (Boston) 113
343. Liberty Medallion 114
344. Relief of Robert Louis Stevenson 114

LECTURE VI

BITTER, KARL: 345. Pediment, Wisconsin State Capitol (Madison) 118
346. Detail of Thomas Lowry Memorial (Minneapolis) . . 118
347. Detail of Lowry Memorial 118
348. Kasson Memorial (Utica, N.Y.) 119
349. Detail, Plaza Fountain (New York City) 119
350. Relief from Carl Schurz Memorial (New York City) . 119

FACING PAGE

FRENCH, DANIEL CHESTER: 351. Trask Memorial; Figure (Saratoga Springs, N.Y.) 120
352. Angel for Clark Memorial. 120
353. Melvin Memorial (Concord, Mass.) 120
354. Alice Freeman Palmer Memorial (Wellesley College) . 120
355. Brooklyn (New York City) 121
356. Manhattan (New York City). 121
357. Africa (Custom House, New York City) 121
358. Sculpture (St. Louis) 121

MACMONNIES, FREDERICK W.: 359. Peace 122
360. Washington (Princeton) 122

BARNARD, GEORGE GREY: 361. Burden of Life (Harrisburg, Pa.) 123
362. Work and Brotherhood (Harrisburg) 123
363. Prodigal Son (Harrisburg) 126
364. Woman 126
365. Kneeling Figure (Harrisburg). 126

BARTLETT, PAUL W.: 366. Lafayette (Paris) 127
367. Philosophy, History, Romance, Religion. Figures for New York Public Library 127

DALLIN, CYRUS E.: 368. The Signal of Peace (Lincoln Park, Chicago) 130
369. The Scout (Kansas City, Mo.) 130
370. Appeal to the Great Spirit (Boston) 130
371. Medicine Man (Fairmount Park, Philadelphia) . . 130

HYATT, ANNA VAUGHN: 372. Joan of Arc (New York City) . 131

PROCTOR, A. PHIMISTER: 373. Princeton Tiger 131

MACNEIL, HERMON A.: 374. Memorial to Soldiers and Sailors (Albany, N.Y.) 132
375. Alexander Memorial (New York City) 132
376. Relief on Washington Arch (Washington Square, New York City) 132

CALDER, A. STERLING: 377. Relief on Washington Arch (Washington Square, New York City) 132

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

O'Connor, Andrew: 378. General Lawton (Indianapolis, Ind.) 133
379. Serenity. Monument to General Thomas (Tarrytown, N.Y.) 133
380. Soldier (Worcester, Mass.) 133
381. Inspiration (St. Louis, Mo.) 133
French: 382. Lincoln (Lincoln, Neb.) 134
MacNeil: 383. Lincoln 134
Barnard: 384. Lincoln (Cincinnati, Ohio) 134
O'Connor: 385. Lincoln (Springfield, Ill.) 134
French: 386. Lincoln, from Lincoln Memorial (Washington, D.C.) 135
Niehaus, Charles H.: 387. Lincoln (Buffalo, N.Y.) . . . 135
Saint-Gaudens: 388. Lincoln (Chicago) 135
Weinman, Adolf A.: 389. Lincoln (Hodgensville, Ky.) . . . 135
Grafly, Charles: 390. Portrait of Frank Duveneck . . . 136
391. Portrait of Dr. Joseph Price 136
392. Portrait of Thomas Anshutz 136
393. Portrait of Hermann Kotszchmar 136
394. Portrait of William Paxton 137
395. Portrait of George C. Thomas 137
396. Portrait of Paul W. Bartlett 137
Polasek, Albin: 397. Portrait of Frank D. Millet 137
Beach, Chester: 398. Head in Gray Marble 136
399. Crying Baby 136
400. Wave Head 136
401. Baby Head 136
402. Beyond 137
403. Sacred Fire 137
Borglum, Solon H.: 404. Indian Mourners 137
McCartan, Edward: 405. Pan 137
Fraser, James Earle: 406. The End of the Trail (San Francisco, Cal.) 138
407. Mask. 138
408. Head of an Old Man 138

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

CALDER: 409. Depew Fountain (Indianapolis, Ind.) 139
410. Triumph of Energy 139
PICCIRILLI, ATILLIO: 411. The Atlantic. Figure from Maine Memorial (New York City) 140
412. A Soul 140
413. The Outcast. 140
QUINN, EDMUND T.: 414. Statue of Edwin Booth (Gramercy Park, New York City) 141
MCKENZIE, R. TAIT: 415. Statue of Whitefield (University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia) 141
FRY, SHERRY E.: 416. Captain Abbey (Tomkinsville, Conn.) . 141
MANSHIP, PAUL H.: 417. Revolutionary Soldier (Danville, Ill.) 141
FRY: 418. Mahaska (Oskaloosa, Iowa) 142
419. Major C. Burret Memorial (St. George, Staten Island, N.Y.) 142
EVANS, RUDOLF: 420. The Golden Hour (Metropolitan Museum, New York City) 142
GREGORY, JOHN: 421. Decorative Figure (Roslyn, N.Y.) . . 142
MANSHIP: 422. Pauline 143
423. The Little Brother 143
GREGORY: 424. Aphrodite 143
MANSHIP: 425. Air 143
426. Centaur and Dryad 144
FRIEDLANDER, LEO: 427. Monument to Volunteers of a National War 144
428. Infant Hercules. 144
HOWARD, CECIL DE B.: 429. Afternoon of a Faun 144

I

AUGUSTE RODIN

I heard George Barnard say once upon a time in one of his impassioned talks: "This was the weakness of Phidias as well as his strength." What it was all about I do not remember; the pronouncement was so startling that I forgot everything else. "The weakness of Phidias" indeed! Was there ever such blasphemy? My feelings were not unlike the emotion which I experienced many years ago upon hearing Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones remark in one of his sermons: "In this matter Christ was evidently mistaken."

One is seldom shocked twice by the same thing, and these recent years have quite accustomed us to hearing our pet divinities assailed and even to seeing them rock on their time-hallowed pedestals. Among modern leaders in art the casualties have been particularly numerous. With every turn of fashion over goes a figurehead. When, as today, pre-eminence is largely based on novelty, that most ephemeral of sanctions, the massacre of the innocents must perforce be cruel. They fall like the puppets in a shooting gallery, but not to be set up again.

In the midst, however, of this twilight of the gods there appeared a while back a new hero, one whom his admirers modestly acclaimed for a few years as the greatest sculptor since Michelangelo, but whom they later saluted as "the mightiest sculptural genius of all

time." There are others, to be sure, who denounce Auguste Rodin as the arch-impostor of our day and the father of all artistic rottenness.

Which estimate is correct? Or shall we find the truth in a disappointing middle ground? Kenyon Cox, our foremost writer on art, gave in his essay on Rodin the following brief eulogy and subsequent indictment: "He was a consummate modeler, a magnificent workman, but he had always grave faults and striking mannerisms. These faults and mannerisms he has latterly pushed to greater and greater extremes while neglecting his great gift, each work being more chaotic and fragmentary in composition, more hideous in type, more affected and emptier in execution, until he has produced marvels of mushiness and incoherence hitherto undreamed of and has set up as public monuments fantastically mutilated figures with broken legs or heads knocked off."

I am inclined to believe this arraignment just, but shall take greater pleasure in showing the power that was than the decadence which was made inevitable by circumstances. Some of the circumstances are to be found in the feverish activities of his admirers. Volume after volume has been written upon Rodin, while the special articles in praise of him are as the autumn leaves. Every form of adulation was heaped upon and ladled over the kindly little man until a mind even stronger than his would have become confused. No wonder that his utterance became at last incoherent. A self-appointed chorus of acclaim, a shining band of acolytes, sang his praises day and night. His crudest, most immature

sketches were seized upon as precious. "Not another touch, O Master!" they cried, literally snatching these puerilities from his hands. Who but an ascetic like Michelangelo could resist such influence?

It has been well observed that "the things written about Rodin have been mainly literary compositions, admiring and lyrical passages, to which his favorite subjects have served as texts." That these panegyrics, these strident peans of praise, are often contradictory and mutually exclusive does not disturb the ardor of his devoted followers. They all contribute to the volume of sound; and, besides, should not all tastes find all things in a universal genius—"a force of nature"? "Rodin *is* a force of nature," writes one logical lady, "because art is a force of nature."

One is tempted to quote certain absurd passages which would amuse; but since the Scammon Lectures must be dignified at whatever cost, I restrain myself. Here, however, are two or three characterizations which have interested me. Chants a disciple: "Rodin's mind has the serenity of one whose love of nature amounts to the strength and majesty of a religion." To the Belgian poet, Rodenbach, on the other hand, the products of this serenity speak quite another language: "Everything is vague, anxious, complex, vanishing or emphasized—be it in marble or bronze—like thoughts in the brain or beings and objects in Nature. . . . . He has never proceeded otherwise than according to Nature's example; he has ever created like the Creator—and with clay also!"

Another estimate, "important if true," is by M. Louis Gillet: "This singular man has enjoyed the exceptional privilege of living in the midst of the modern world in a state of perfectly natural and pagan grace. He is anterior to morality and sin. To him, all the work of the past, all the labor of civilization, all the progress in which we pride ourselves is null and void. He does not even need to rebel, as did Rousseau, and to turn violently back to the state of Nature, for he has not yet emerged from it."

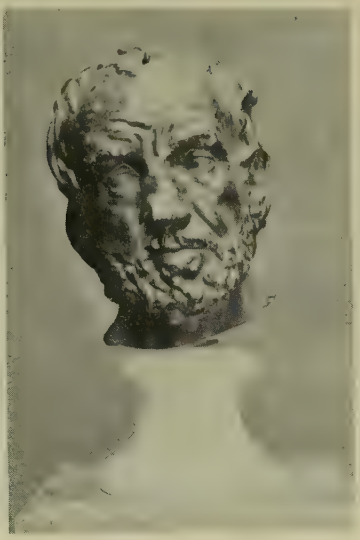
Contrast with this the words of M. Coquiot, who tells us that the master is ever "drawing new strength through his admiring faith in the past. He goes to the masterpieces of another age as they used to go on pilgrimages, with the same emotion and prepared through long meditation." This is indeed strange for one to whom "all the work of the past is null and void"!

If Rodin succumbed much too early to fatty degeneration of the artistic conscience, he nevertheless produced in his best years a series of remarkable works which, for good or evil, have influenced the art of the entire civilized world. We shall let these speak for themselves in a brief review of his life.

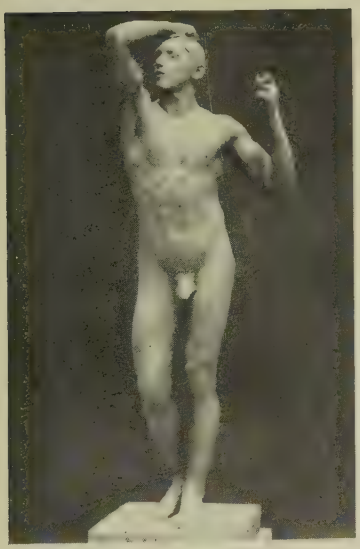
Auguste Rodin, the most eminent of all modern sculptors, was born in 1840 and died in 1917. His parents were poor and gave him but a meager education. From the age of fourteen, however, he had the privilege of good instruction in drawing at the *petite école* of the Rue de Médecine, and this was speedily supplemented by frequent visits to the Jardin des Plantes, where Barye gave

RODIN I

1. YOUNG GIRL



2. MAN WITH THE BROKEN NOSE



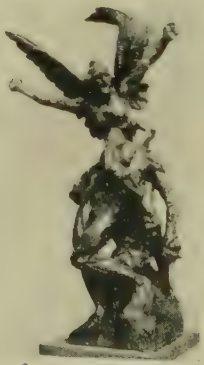
3. AGE OF BRONZE

4. ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

5. ADAM

6. EVE

7. UGOLINO



8. GENIUS OF WAR

criticisms to the animal sculptors. From the age of twenty-four to thirty Rodin worked continuously with Carrier-Belleuse, one of the cleverest and most prolific of the commercial sculptors of Paris. A charming example of his skill during this forgotten period is shown in the head of a young girl (Fig. 1), which reminds one of the dexterity and lightness of touch of Clodion. Several years of work at the pottery at Sèvres contributed further to his marvelous virtuosity; not one of his contemporaries had the training that was his. In spite of this he was for some reason denied admittance to the École des Beaux-Arts, although making application several times.

His strange and repellent bust of a "Man with the Broken Nose" (Fig. 2) was refused at the Salon in 1864. Twelve years later the marble copy was accepted. Meantime Rodin had lived six years in Belgium, whence in 1877 he brought his notable work, "L'Age d'Airain"—"The Age of Bronze" (Fig. 3)—a figure which some consider his most perfect achievement. The uplifted hand of the primitive athlete originally grasped a bronze spear; but the artist, having temporarily removed the weapon, made one of his characteristic discoveries—the figure had through this elimination become impressively enigmatic. The spear was left out for all time. The statue was so remarkable in conception and so sapient in modeling that the jury was dumbfounded; it was the work of a master, but signed by an unknown name! Although by no means a servile rendering of nature, it was pronounced by the critics a cast from life, and the sculptor was obliged to summon his model—a Belgian soldier—

and demonstrate that the figure was several inches taller than the original, thus effectually disposing of such accusations. The incident made him some good friends.[1]

In 1880 the revolutionary "St. John the Baptist" (Fig. 4) was exhibited and at once awakened a storm of protest. We have become familiar with it, and, further, we do not take such things so "hard" as do the French; it is therefore difficult to comprehend the violence of emotions aroused forty years ago in the artistic capital of the world by so unprecedented a work as this. Perhaps the feeling of antagonism may be better understood if one recalls the traditional treatment of the subject, the kind of image which was welcome in the French church. "John the Baptist" by the once famous Eugène Delaplanche will illustrate. Observe the perfect decorum, the easy attitude of the seated figure, the graceful gesture—it might be a languid request for a fan!—the sleek body and well-combed hair. Contrast with this the wild man of Rodin's vision! Our sculptor has read his Bible to a purpose; he knows that the prophet was haggard and unkempt, was burdened by his tragic mission. He *must* save a perishing world. His feet are calloused by the burning sands of the desert; his garment is a shaggy hide; his food but the precarious yield of the wilderness. "And preaching as one does battle, he makes a violent gesture which seems to scatter anathemas. His face is illumined with a mystic light, his mouth vomits imprecations."

[1] This figure was first called "Man Awakening to Nature," a title which gives a hint of the sculptor's intention here and in "The Thinker."

Probably you or I never thought of John the Baptist in just this fashion, but then we are not Rodins. He has made of him a fanatic in a noble cause and has interpreted his very soul as it had not been done since the days of Donatello. He shocked the critics of Paris as John shocked those of Galilee and Judea, but Rodin had made himself famous and found influential friends.

In 1881 his "Eve" (Fig. 6) was offered to the public —another great sculptural thought. A truly potential mother of the race, she stands "bent beneath her shame, apparently in horror of herself, fierce in attitude, sullen of expression."

As might be expected, "Eve" was speedily followed by "Adam" (Fig. 5), a conception of great power, reminiscent of certain favorite poses of Michelangelo. In this massive work we have the first appearance of Rodin's mania for exaggeration. Little hint is here, however, of the deformities which are to come.

The "Ugolino" (Fig. 7), which appeared in 1882, is one of Rodin's very few groups of more than a couple of figures. Its failure as a composition, its naïve absence of all beauty of line, may perhaps explain in a measure why the experiment was not repeated. Beside Carpeaux' masterly achievement this group seems almost childish.

But if the "Ugolino" failed to create the expected sensation already become so dear to the sculptor, certain smaller works had a success of much greater value. It was in this same year, 1882, that he began that series of extraordinary busts which were destined to put his fame upon a secure foundation and to extort the praise of

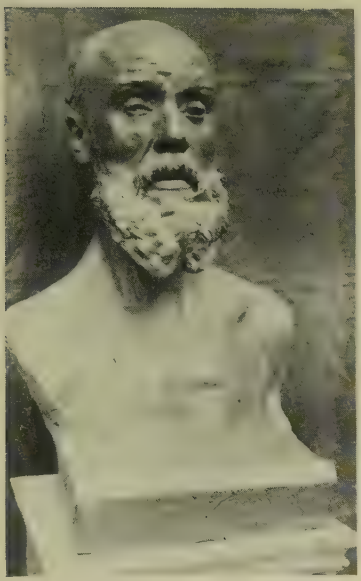
all who recognize masterly craftsmanship. There was no gainsaying their likeness, and the vividness and charm of handling were equally obvious.

In not one of this early group of busts do we find lacking these two precious qualities: the incisive characterization, that intensity of life which unmasks the very soul, and—almost equally important in a great work of art—a masterly subordination of nonessentials, which Rodin understood better than any of his contemporaries. There is no "frittering away of the general effect in useless details." With him cravats and buttonholes are of small importance compared with the face.

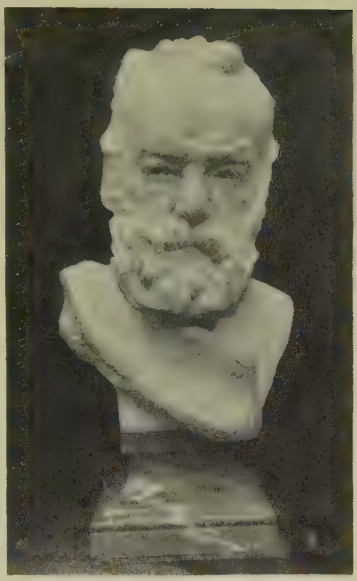
The first was an astonishing head of Jean Paul Laurens (Fig. 9), the eminent painter. M. Laurens was never a professional beauty and had no illusions on the subject; it is said that he did protest, however, that he was not in the habit of keeping his mouth open. The artist compromised by leaving it open, with the result here shown.

The bust of Victor Hugo (Fig. 10) was executed under most unfavorable circumstances. The Olympian poet was old and irascible and had been bored for years by painters and sculptors. He absolutely refused to pose, but allowed Rodin to work on the outside of a circle of visitors. The portrait is a marvelous characterization of one of France's greatest sons.

The ascetic head of Dalou (Fig. 11) is another which gives joy to every sculptor. No, there was one exception; Dalou himself did not appreciate it, and relations thereafter were never cordial. As well might a man quarrel



9. BUST OF JEAN PAUL LAURENS



10. BUST OF VICTOR HUGO

11. BUST OF JULES DALOU

12. BUST OF PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

13. LA PENSÉE

14. BUST OF MME VICUNHA

15. CARYATIDE

16. CHILD'S DREAM

with his mirror! The feeling of structure in this cranium has not been surpassed in modern times.

Everyone knows the bust of the South American lady, Mme Morla Vicunha (Fig. 14), which has so long been the gem of the Luxembourg Gallery. This head shows some of the most delicate, mellow modeling ever seen, the perfection of marble-cutting; the neck and bosom, likewise, are nothing else than soft, white flesh. Art can go no farther. Then the master considered his work done. With a sort of noble petulance he has scratched the suggestion of drapery into shape. For a moment he has played with the clay and pressed the loose scraps into semblance of flowers. And he has been very careful that the marble-cutter should not develop them any farther. On all this subordinate portion of the bust the tooth-marks of the tool remain; everything is blurred in order that the face may have entire attention. The result is one of the greatest works of sculpture of our time. Even today you will seldom find it without its circle of admiring artists, gathered like buzzing bees around a blossom, all endeavoring to penetrate its secret.

It was in 1882 that Rodin exhibited his bust of Rochefort, the communist editor, and that of Puvis de Chavannes (Fig. 12), the great decorator. Perhaps the latter is the most impressive of the series. There is an almost Egyptian serenity and aloofness in the pose. No modern has wrought more admirably. One is surprised to learn that here, as with most of these heads, the original was far from pleased. Like Sargent's portraits they were "too true"! Of them an eminent authority—not a

subject—has said: "Life, thought, strength, and character are here carried as far as it is possible."

In 1889 Rodin produced the first of his portrait statues with which we are familiar, the "Bastien-Lepage" (Fig. 17), for the painter's native village of Damvillers. Already the sculptor had begun to feel the pressure of that admiring group who required from him something novel and startling upon every occasion. Despite its heroic stride, this figure seems disjointed and weak in pose. It is said that it gave little satisfaction to the people of the neighborhood who had known the painter. They pronounce the statue a caricature.

Not less strange but far more pleasing is the well-known work called "Thought" (Fig. 13). This great mass of rough rock supporting a delicate head seems like an affectation of originality, but there is probably a symbolism intended—that of the soul's flowering above inert matter. At any rate the head is exquisite—a portrait of one of Rodin's most brilliant young pupils of the time, Mlle Camille Claudel.

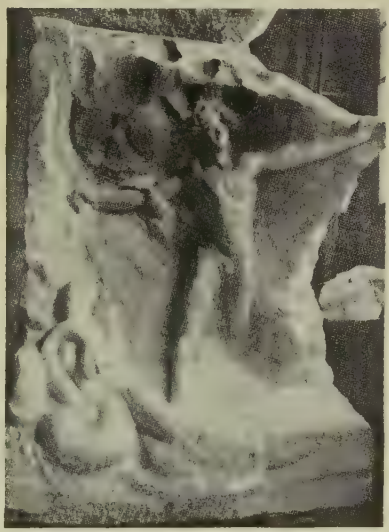
A truly delightful product of those busy years is the so-called "Caryatide" (Fig. 15). Although unimportant in theme and, like much of Rodin's later work, a mere fragment, it is so happily compacted and so subtly modeled in the parts which are emphasized that it is to be counted among the master's most pleasing works.

Even better known is the exquisite "Danaïde" (Fig. 27). The perfection of the modeling of back and shoulders is brought out in vivid contrast with the summary, sketchy treatment of other parts. The artist has

17. STATUE OF BASTIEN-LEPAGE
(DAMVILLERS, FRANCE)

18. MONUMENT TO CLAUDE LORRAIN
(NANCY, FRANCE)

19. STATUE OF PRESIDENT SARMIENTO
(BUENOS AIRES)



20. APOLLO (BASE OF SARMIENTO
MONUMENT)

21. THE BURGHERS OF CALAIS

22. STUDY FOR VICTOR HUGO MONUMENT

illuminated, as it were, the portion that interests him; the rest is neglected—thrown out of focus. Thus Rodin "increases the gamut of his effects," as Brownell has so well put it. It is one of his great discoveries and a salient characteristic of much of his work. Where he discovered this new means of emphasis is suggested by Kenyon Cox in one of his admirable essays:

"It is impossible to suppose that Michelangelo was himself insensible to that strange charm which is so visible to all of us in his unfinished work that it has recently become the fashion to seek for it deliberately and to plan for it in the clay. He was continually striving to infuse into sculpture meanings which it was not meant to express and could not hold. His deep poetic spirit tried to express itself through the medium of the most simple, classical, and formal of the arts, and he was unaided by the delicate technical methods of the earlier sculptors of the Renaissance, which he never understood. What more natural than that he should have found the sentiment evaporating as the work advanced and should have, half despairingly, left to the unfinish of the sketch the suggestion of things which the cold completeness of the finished marble could never convey? He 'could not content himself,' and his statues remain more impressive in their incompletion than the finished work of any modern."

Now, however, we are to have another glimpse of the limitations of our hero. It was in 1892 that he made public his monument to the great painter Claude Gellée, whom we call Claude Lorrain (Fig. 18). This spirited

and unconventional work does not reveal an appreciation of the needs of a composition to be viewed from a distance. Its silhouette is strangely confused and inelegant.

You will remember that it was said of Claude Lorrain that he "put the sun in the heavens." The sculptor has seized this famous characterization of Claude's luminous art and symbolizes the sun by the presence of Phoebus Apollo and his fiery chariot.[1] But even his dazzling discovery will hardly explain the startled attitude of the painter. Rodin often assured us that his great quest was "to find the latent heroic in every natural movement"; here, however, he has certainly failed to express himself in nobility of line. The monument must have been a strong dose for his disciples, but they rallied to the defense and in joyful strains like the following proclaimed the beauty and profundity of the master's conception: "Down to his very toes Claude seems to be preoccupied by his one idea to seize the passing effect in his mind's eye, to find its equivalent on the palette, and to render it on the canvas. He is fully absorbed in the task of the moment. You feel distinctly that in a minute the impression will have vanished and that it must be caught at once. You realize the importance this instant assumes to the painter, the strain on whose mind is reflected in the slight contortion of the body, huddled up for fear, as it were, lest the effect should slip from his hold."

[1] Of this group one of Rodin's greatest eulogists, Camille Mauclair, has said: "The horses and the Apollo are the most living, palpitating, and lyrical things that Rodin has produced."

Some who were not disciples expressed themselves differently: "It shows a miserable little shrimp of a man with zigzag legs and a head too big, utterly silly as an interpretation of the greatest landscape painter the world ever saw." The citizens of Nancy, who have to see it every day, seemed to incline to the latter opinion; at any rate they were very much wrought up on the subject, and for some time there was strong talk of removing the monument.

The "Claude Lorrain" is, however, overshadowed by another work of much greater importance and even more pronounced originality—the memorable "Burghers of Calais" (Figs. 21 and 25). We have not time to tell the story, but you will recall how the six hostages were brought before the English king in their shirts, with halters about their necks, bearing the keys of their unfortunate city. It matters little today that the piteous queen interceded and their lives were spared. The important thing is that they offered themselves to save their city and that centuries later the greatest of modern sculptors immortalized them in these weird figures. That melancholy procession marching to its fate is what Rodin has chosen to represent in such extraordinary fashion, with an art so vital, so uncouth, and yet so irresistible. Strange as shadowy, twilighted tree-trunks, gnarled and riven, are these heroes of old. They might be the stalagmites with which Nature adorns the floors of caverns. Without precedent in the history of sculpture, they are, in the opinion of many, Rodin's highest achievement.

Let us consider just one of the actors in this poignant drama. Many of my readers will recall that strange, grim figure which rose so impressively in the south court of the Art Palace at the Columbian Exposition—the rugged man who clutched a gigantic key in his enormous hands, whose feet were big and ugly beyond description, and whose face seemed to look scorn upon the posing manikins around him. He stood there erect and immovable, like a solitary tree with twisted limbs, amid swaying grasses and impertinent weeds. You can look at him still at the Art Institute of Chicago. You may not like him, this stern old Sieur Eustache de St. Pierre of centuries ago, as Rodin has conceived and fashioned him; but you cannot fail to respect him. From the first glimpse you are sure to wish to know what the figure means and who made it. You feel behind it an extraordinary creative mind, a force almost terrible in its intensity.

Of course in any academic sense "The Burghers" are not a group at all; some would even deny them the dignity of being a composition, claiming that they are merely six independent figures set side by side. But, however classified, they are a triumph of originality.[1]

The Pantheon required a monument to Victor Hugo. It was proposed that Rodin make it. As usual, his conception was a novel one; a nude figure with outstretched

[1] The price which Rodin received for this work was very small. The town council of Calais authorized him to proceed on it for 15,000 francs ($3,000.00). The money not coming fast enough by popular subscription, a lottery was authorized in 1894 for 45,000 francs, which was augmented by a donation of 5,350 francs by the Minister of Public Instruction.

23. THE THINKER

24. THE THINKER

25. DETAIL OF THE BURGHERS OF CALAIS

26. BALZAC

27. DANAÏDE

28. SPRINGTIME

arm, seated apparently on the seashore; two female forms with elfish faces behind the poet—muses, the sculptor called them (Fig. 22). The meaning of the gesture of the left arm no one has ever interpreted. Is the great writer playing King Canute and ordering back the waves?

Another disappointment awaited our sculptor. After years of work and delay the group was adjudged unsuited to its place, and finally the old poet, stripped of even his muses, was set out stark and pitiful in the garden of the Palais Royal. However, the fire of his spirit remains unquenched, and his proud gesture is more enigmatic than ever.

Such experiments in simplification as the "Burghers of Calais" could result in only one thing. The enthusiast must, for once at least, push even farther his investigation of possibilities. He did so, and the "Balzac," first shown in 1898, was the result. Although appearances are against it (Fig. 26), this strange creation is not to be treated with disrespect. It is not a joke nor a piece of effrontery. Its author had a serious intention. He was trying to eliminate all nonessentials—to present, reduced to lowest terms, the most vividly personal aspect of the extraordinary, misshapen genius whom men call Balzac. Mallarmé, following Lamartine, has described him: "He had the face of an element, with a big head, the hair hanging about his coat-collar and cheeks like a mane which had never seen a pair of scissors . . . . a flaming eye, a colossal body. He was fat, thick, square at the shoulders and feet, with much of Mirabeau's ampleness but no

heaviness; there was so much soul that it could bear the weight of the body easily, and it seemed to add to rather than to subtract from his strength. His short arms gesticulated with ease." It was his wont to wander at night through his house draped in a long dressing-gown. It has been Rodin's aim perhaps to re-create the impression of this passing figure as seen in the flickering candle-light. The effigy of Balzac comes as near to being an abstraction as seems possible in the art of sculpture. Some denied that it was a statue at all: it was called a "menhir," "a pagan dedicatory stone," "an upright sarcophagus."

Of all the battles in Rodin's tempestuous life, never was there such a one as raged about this strange form. Rodenbach, the Belgian poet, was inspired to say things like this about it: "The head emerges . . . . frightened to see all it sees, frightened, especially, to come in contact with life for so short a time—the face of genius rising out of matter to return to matter—the lump of anguish sticks in the throat—itself an ephemeral mask summing up all the masks of the Human Comedy. Do not here seek a likeness but a dramatic evocation. . . . . Men of genius are less men than monsters. That is what Rodin has understood and rendered so magnificently."

Arthur Symons proclaimed it "the proudest thing that has been made out of clay." Besnard, the painter, wrote: "He surges forth out of his pedestal like one ready to thrust himself into life. Rodin has expressed the intense, palpitating, suffering genius of a powerful psychologist, for to no other belongs that particular poise

of the head and such orbits at the back of which swim the almost useless eyes, humble servants of the mind which alone sees everything. At such a pitch the amplification of *fougue* attains serenity, yes, serenity! The summit of art illuminated by genius and refreshed by the breath of pure thought."

"The 'Balzac'," declares another eulogist, "has the synthetical, enormous character of a great shadow, borrowing from life's forms, as do shadows, to create another form, rather than a docile mould of life. . . . . The 'Bourgeois' are merely heroes of life; Balzac is its conquering hero. And that is why, having accomplished a superhuman task, he here assumes an almost superhuman aspect, an aspect where the masculine beauty of character rises superior to the feminine beauty of form."

The statue was declined by the Société des Gens de Lettres which had ordered it, and a figure more to their taste was handily produced by Falguière.

At the Exposition of 1900 Rodin was represented in the Art Palace by the exquisite marble group called "Le Baiser"—"The Kiss" (Figs. 29 and 30). It was shown among a collection of the great works of recent years contributed by many of the leaders of modern sculpture, and it must be confessed that its atmospheric handling made its companions look very hard and arid. Indeed, a late group by Frémiet, alongside, seemed like the work of a steamfitter—you could have believed that those arms and legs had been screwed into place with pincers and tongs! With just as great a truth of drawing Rodin had known how to modify discordant black shadows—

to "amplify his surfaces," as he called it—until the result seemed perfectly luminous. The admirably modeled limbs became part of the whole, insistent details melting together into a delightful unity. The fluent surfaces echoed the charm of the composition, and the group from every view gave joy to the eye. The artist had not only "kept his work white," but had made it positively radiant.

Rodin's monument to Sarmiento (Fig. 19), one time president of Argentina and an educator of great influence, was most unfavorably received at its destination. The portrait was bitterly criticized, but artists generally concede that the symbolic group in the pedestal, "Apollo Victorious over the Hydra" (Fig. 20), is one of the master's very successful achievements, a powerful conception most adequately translated into stone.

There remained other worlds to conquer, and I have now to tell you of an undertaking which was in a sense the *leit-motif* of Rodin's life. Away back in the early eighties M. Turquet, minister of the Fine Arts, had listened to the sculptor's description of some bronze doors which he wished to model. Carried away by his eloquence, the minister commissioned him to execute them for a mythical palace of the Fine Arts. These doors, which were never made, for a building which will never be erected, were the greatest thing in the life of Rodin. He called them "The Gates of Hell," and his grandiose idea was to picture thereupon the whole story of Dante's *Inferno*, while above them in the tympanum of the portal should sit the brooding figure of the poet whose dreams

29. LE BAISER

30. LE BAISER; DETAIL

31 METAMORPHOSIS

THREE FIGURES FROM LA PORTE D'ENFER

33. LOVE FLIES

34. THE DREAM

are thus shown forth. This figure has been triumphantly realized in gigantic proportions in the well-known "Thinker" of the Paris Pantheon (Figs. 23 and 24). In contemplating its unintellectual countenance one's first thought is that the artist must have deviated from his original intention; at any rate he has given us another of his primitive men, not so much a thinker as one who is trying to think—and finding it a painful operation. The pose, however, is admirable, and the solidity of the composition makes it one of the most sculptural of modern thoughts.

The irregular panels of the door were to contain countless groups, and herein it is that the work became not the promised "Gates of Hell" but, to Rodin at least, a portal to fame and fortune. For those groups never stayed in their place! One after another they were cut out and enlarged into independent compositions. It was truly a miracle-working door of incredible fecundity, a talisman, the mere touch of which produced wonders. And through it the sculptor entered into his kingdom. No man, however great his facility, could execute all the subjects suggested by those swarming panels. At last the old man acknowledged that he would never finish his task. "Too many new sins have been invented," he said genially; "I cannot keep up with them." They have served their purpose; though they remain but dream doors, they are the most wonderful portals in the world.

In the "Child's Dream" (Fig. 16) Rodin has repeated, in a fashion, the idea of the Gates, translating it into the language of youth. Above is the dreamer; below are the

fantastic visions. Was ever anything more naïvely incoherent! The silhouette is broken, tormented, and the purpose quite obscured in the tangle. This is true of many of his subsequent works, which seem to have been done hastily for commercial purposes. While his wonderful modeling saved them from utter failure, and now and then an exceptionally beautiful one shines forth like a light in a naughty world, the great mass of his later output was sadly disappointing. In his anxiety to avoid academic balance and traditional composition he gave much of his work the look of "accidents"—not a few of them lamentable ones.

He seldom united more than two figures, never attempting sustained design, as in a frieze or a pediment. The "organic fabric" of design is lacking. His only large group which one recalls is the "Burghers of Calais," which is absolutely without union of line. But even in the smaller compositions Rodin is often revolutionary in an illegible way. Is it a *parti pris?* Is it the result of carelessness, or is it a constitutional defect? Probably all of these influences entered into a conspiracy against him, while perhaps supremely powerful was the circumstance that for years he was surrounded and impeded by that unreasoning chorus of praise, a clamor so resolute and insistent that it would confuse any human being. Is it to be wondered then that the master's later works are very uneven in value and often unworthy of his fame?

As examples of childish, or senile, fancies utterly undeserving of perpetuation we may cite "A Night in May" (Fig. 42), "La Source" (Fig. 50), and "Sappho"

35. BUST OF EVE FAIRFAX

36. A STUDY OF DUSÉ

37. ROMEO AND JULIET

38. THE EMBRACE

39. THE CENTAURESS

40. A CHILD OF THE CENTURY

41. BROTHER AND SISTER

42. A NIGHT IN MAY

43. THE HAND OF GOD

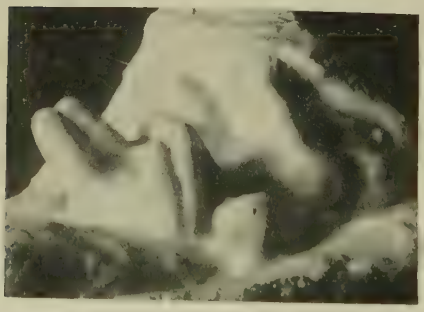
44. PROMETHEUS AND SEA NYMPH

45. SAPPHO

46. EARTH AND THE MOON

47. THE ETERNAL IDOL

48. L'EMPRISE



49. GROUP

50. LA SOURCE

(Fig. 45). These like scores of others were very obviously "made for the trade." In groping for originality Rodin made "Love Flies" (Fig. 33) as awkward in line as can be conceived, but even surpassed himself in "The Dream" (Fig. 34). Was ever a work of art more hopelessly obscure than the snow-covered bodies in Figure 49? My especial abomination, however, is "The Centauress" (Fig. 39), a violent variant of the traditional Greek theme, which, we are told, represents (under the alternative title of "The Soul and the Body") the conflict of two forms of life, one higher, one lower. The exceptional length and slender proportions of the human figure, as it emerges from the body of the horse, have been taken to symbolize the long straining of the soul to free itself from earthly conditions. In the presence of this monstrosity one is tempted to quote Rodin himself: "It would be better not to study the antique than to study it wrong."

One turns with relief from such claptrap to the harmonious composition and fluent surfaces of "Springtime" (Fig. 28) and "Brother and Sister" (Fig. 41), the tragic impression of Dusé (Fig. 36) and the exquisite bust of Miss Eve Fairfax (Fig. 35).

In more ways than one that striking little group, "The Eternal Idol" (Fig. 47), epitomizes the art of Rodin and symbolizes his creed. It is a wonderful bit of modeling and more—it reveals the final shrine of his worship. Cortissoz sums it up: "His is a profoundly sensuous art, sensuous to the core, and while he has been attacking high erected themes, these have not, on his own confession, really mattered to him; it has been enough

for him to caress in his marble or bronze a living form." His indifference to the subject is amusingly illustrated in the two nude bodies which he calls "Romeo and Juliet" (Fig. 37); while that other group which is labeled "Prometheus and a Sea Nymph" (Fig. 44) would have gone forth under the blasphemous title of "Christ and Magdalene," except for the protest of friends. As a rule an artist's private life is irrelevant, but it is notorious that Rodin was a genial satyr, and the fact is significant as explaining much of his later work. You will recall that he was "anterior to morality and sin," and naturally enough his feelings were hurt when the Parisian journals went into particulars!

In atonement let us conclude with a benediction from Camille Mauclair:

"He is the supreme painter of man bowed by intense, melancholic, feverish, constricting thought; . . . . he is the caressing creator of women in love, the poet of youth embracing and radiant. Only a genius can have the diversity of mind that produces the "Burghers of Calais," ascetic and medieval, the spasmodic "Hell," the almost abstract "Balzac," the bronze busts worthy of Donatello, and the images of women carved in the radiant and golden marble of Attica by a sensuous and subtle enthusiast who has rediscovered the soul of Hellenic beauty. This union of technical skill, evolved according to the secrets of the antique, with a power of expressing all human sentiments from gentleness to lewdness, from the mystic to the pathetic, from nervous disorganization to carnal frankness, this union of contraries and this universality are not to

be found in any of our forerunners. Not Puget, nor Rude, nor any of our masters has had such intellectual ubiquity, such strength of condensation; in these points it is allowable, even in our own day, to acknowledge Rodin as supreme in the rich French school and thus to anticipate the judgment of the future, in whose eyes he will loom yet larger."

No, that is just a bit too strong. Suppose we let Mr. Cortissoz have the last word—a gentle one:

"He has been the 'new' man, the one type that was 'different,' and, in their longing for reaction against the rules of the École des Beaux-Arts and the Salon, crowds of his contemporaries have hailed him as a kind of Moses, destined to lead them into the promised land. Poor Rodin! He never dreamed of doing anything of the sort. Sometimes, in the quietude of reflection among his beloved antiques, he must think with a sort of mild astonishment of all the bother that has been made about his art."

II

RECENT FRENCH SCULPTURE

The subject of our last causerie was Auguste Rodin. "Rodin and His Influence" had been the intended theme, but it soon developed that there was so much to be said about Rodin and his work that the "influence" had to be left for another day. It will form a part of the inquiry of this chapter, as indeed it must run through all of these papers excepting the one devoted to Saint-Gaudens; I cannot find that the art of our great American sculptor was touched in the slightest degree by that of the French master.

Of course M. Rodin's independent and very personal point of view has not been the only influence at work during these later years. Whatever the immediate trend of French sculpture, the dominant fact is the momentum of an age-long tradition. This tradition had become in great measure academic; but, as Brownell wrote of the French school of twenty-five years ago, "It is a thoroughly legitimate and unaffected expression of national thought and feeling at the present time, at once splendid and simple."

Every now and then through the years the current has been shaken and then reinforced by some powerful influence —"an angel has troubled the waters." In the first half of the nineteenth century it was the towering personality of Rude; a little later it was Carpeaux;

then Dalou; then Rodin. The part that each of these men has played is clearly marked, although not yet complete. The stream of sculpture is tinged ever after by their contribution as distinctly as the Mississippi is colored from St. Louis onward by the waters of the Missouri.

To appreciate what Rodin did to it one must have a definite idea of what it was before. A few minutes of retrospect will be valuable. What has been the trend of sculpture in France? What the impress of these great artists upon its course?

To go back no farther than the memory of men still alive, there is always the heroic figure of Rude beckoning to high achievement through his triumphant work on the Arc de Triomphe, "The Song of Departure." Of this great relief it has been eloquently said:

"No one can have any appreciation of what sculpture is without perceiving that this magnificent group easily and serenely takes its rank among the masterpieces of sculpture of all time. It is, in the first place, the incarnation of an abstraction, the spirit of patriotism aroused to the highest pitch of warlike intensity and self-sacrifice, and in the second this abstract motive is expressed in the most elaborate and comprehensive completeness—with a combined intricacy of detail and singleness of effect which must be the despair of any but a master in sculpture."[1]

"The Departure" has become a classic, but it is too exalted, too exceptional, to influence deeply the everyday output of Parisian studios. The graceful "Neapolitan Fisher Boy" and even the vehement "Marshal Ney"

[1] Brownell, *French Art.*

have been more obviously potent. Rude's immediate spiritual heritor was his pupil, Carpeaux, whose feverish temperament drove him to an eternal quest of life and movement. With alluring charm and incredible skill he pushed his art to what seemed at the time absolute realism. In principle wrong, the manifestation was so seductive that against their better judgment the critics were silenced. At least, no one heeded their criticisms. In the face of these irresistible works they but wasted their ink and paper. Carpeaux left us treasures of passionate expression; it was the little, cold-blooded would-be Carpeaux's of a second generation who have torn Parisian monumental art to shreds.

One of Rodin's fervid biographers tells us that the master's "immediate forerunners recognized only one form of beauty, an insipid, affected, inanimate prettiness of which the renowned Bouguereau was the last successful representative in pictorial art." This characterization might have applied to much of the sculpture of a hundred years ago but hardly to that of the second half of the nineteenth century. You may judge whether such terms describe the art of Carpeaux. Let us turn to a few more of the immediate forerunners of the master that we may see how "insipid, affected, and inanimate" they are.

Look upon Paul Dubois' "Charity," an achievement which even the wizardry of Rodin does not put in the shade. View his "Military Courage" and the exquisitely tender figure of "Faith." Consider the vivid and truly sculptural conception of "Joan of Arc" by Chapu. Study "The First Funeral" by Barrias, once recognized as

51. MATISSE, HENRI: YOUNG GIRL

52. MATISSE: RECLINING WOMAN

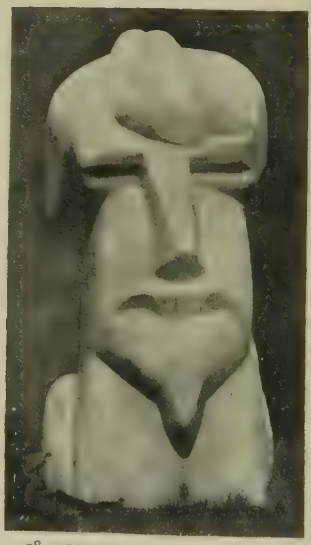
53. MATISSE: GROUP

54. MATISSE: WOMAN SITTING

55. GAUDIER-BRZESKA: SEATED FIGURE

56. GAUDIER-BRZESKA: THE SINGER

57. GAUDIER-BRZESKA: CARITAS



58. GAUDIER-BRZESKA: HEAD OF EZRA POUND

the masterpiece of modern French sculpture. What of inanimate prettiness does one find in Saint Marceaux' "Genius of Death"? Other favorites of forty years ago were the rugged "Age of Iron" by Lanson, Aubé's dramatic "Dante," and the sternly simple "Ancestor" by Massoule. Mercié's "Gloria Victis" holds secure sway amid remembered enthusiasms, while one noble female form seems to float above them all—the radiant "Aurora" of Delaplanche.

You can imagine the emotions of a wistful artist returning to the scene of these early loves to find them replaced by strange gods like this foolish caricature of a woman (Fig. 51). It is a work by the notorious painter, Matisse. You see he is quite as good a sculptor as he is painter! They tell us no female is so queer that she cannot find a companion, if she tries; it is gratifying to observe that Matisse's ideal has an affinity (Fig. 53). No, a second look discovers that they are both of the same kind. Unfortunately these nondescripts do love and propagate; here is a chaste "Kiss" by Brancusi (Fig. 62); and here is "Family Life" by Archipenko (Fig. 61). Brancusi was the author of the far-famed "Mlle Pogany" (Fig. 59), which, we are assured, is "not a servile reproduction of features," but an interpretation of the soul. Perhaps its companion (Fig. 60) is Miss Pogany's sister's soul, although it has been called "The Mislaid Egg."[1]

[1] The men who produced these last-mentioned curiosities are presumably aliens in France, but their so-called art was incubated and brought forth in Paris through the hospitality of a public which is ever seeking "some new thing." The information obtainable in regard to their shadowy personalities

For mischief or through sheer imbecility many unsuccessful sculptors turned to this form of prostitution. One of these deluded youths was Gaudier-Brzeska, who was later killed in the trenches. An American poet wrote a eulogistic book about him and gravely presents his infantile products for our respectful consideration (Figs. 55–58). We are unsmilingly assured that such objects show forth "the fundamental verities"; that "representation" is naïve and childish but that these geometrical forms are "the expression of a pure idea—the expression of the absolute."

Gaudier's "Seated Figure" (Fig. 55) recalls the impassioned description of a similar amorphous mass, words written by a hypnotized votary: "There is a swell of volume in all directions and which to a sensitive and patient attention produces a sense of freedom and a sense of power that comes out from within." No doubt a little patient and sensitive attention would likewise discover "a flat submerged plasticity" of incalculable value. Another sentence from the same authority is so wonderful that it insists upon use as a high light in this drab essay of mine: "The whole is like a growth of nature and like within a single sweep of tight contours which enclose the greatest possible plasticity within the smallest compass." In the presence of such mysteries of

is so slight and so contradictory that some have been tempted to believe them fictitious a syndicate, or possibly a "Mr. Hyde" manifestation of some perfectly reputable artist. What sculptor has not cherished for a moment the wild wish to exhibit, under a pseudonym, the startling abortions or easily sketched grotesques which appear and disappear in the daily routine of the studio?

thought and diction one can but bow and reverently withdraw.

Thus in place of a self-respecting art worthy of its ancient lineage, the Paris of yesterday—that is, the Paris of immediately before the war—offered her visitors the puerile effronteries of these harlequins, delighting through their very ineptitude a public avid of new sensations. Unbridled realism and cleverness had run their course, and the jaded critics found refreshment in pretense of naïveté and in wilful bungling.

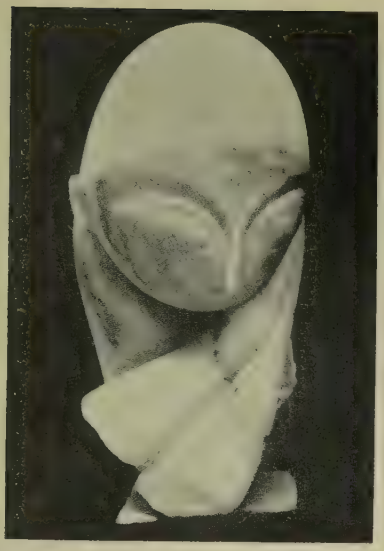
One protests that these things are merely the froth of the annual exhibitions, that there is always a great body of good work, less obtrusive because decent. The serious masters toiled on unmoved, and the epidemic would speedily have run its course. This is doubtless true, but the fact remains that there has been for some time a weakness in French sculpture far more real and more deplorable than any sporadic attack of "cubism" or "vorticism." This is the unmonumental character of French monuments. If I permit myself to criticize, it is because my love for the nation and for its art is well known. An inconsistency in a friend is so trying; a blemish in a splendid character is so conspicuous! However great one's admiration for modern French sculpture, it must be confessed that recent French memorials—Parisian and provincial alike—are as a rule tawdry and in poor taste. One can count on his fingers the distinguished works erected in Paris since 1900; the ignoble "stunts" given hopeless eternalization there within the last few years are too many to catalogue. A

magazine of the capital recently inaugurated a symposium on "The Ugliest Monument in Paris." The returns were abundant and enthusiastic. At least thirty prominent writers responded, and the frank avowal of their feelings was reassuring to one who had feared that they really liked these things. Unquestionably the best sculptors of our time, these masters of form have produced a monumental art more formless than can be found anywhere else excepting in Italy. Professor Mather has well said: "To regain the lost capacity for monumental design is the problem of modern art in whatever branch." Nowhere does one so realize the truth of this utterance as when passing in review the recent memorials of France.

We should not hold Rodin personally responsible for the present decadence any more than we can charge the decline of the Italian Renaissance to Michelangelo. We must recognize, however, that the exalted position of the master made his influence all-powerful; his peculiarities and weaknesses were more easily copied than his real inherent strength, the growth of a lifetime. So the lesser men followed, developing with enthusiasm any license encouraged by such high example.

Rodin's carelessness of the silhouette was gratefully emulated by an army of young sculptors and by not a few of the older men as well. Dalou's tribute to Delacroix (Fig. 63) in the Luxembourg Gardens is an unhappy tribute to Rodin also in that it is one of the most offensive and pernicious examples of his methods. Its erection marks an important milestone in the decadence of French monumental art, for its influence has

FRENCH III



59. BRANCUSI, CONSTANTIN: MLLE POGANY

60. A HEAD

61. ARCHIPENKO, ALEXANDRE: FAMILY LIFE

62. BRANCUSI: THE KISS

63. DALOU, JULES: MONUMENT TO DELACROIX

64. MERCIÉ, ANTONIN: MONUMENT TO BAUDRY

65. BARRIAS, LOUIS ERNEST: MONUMENT TO VICTOR HUGO (FRONT)

66. BARRIAS: MONUMENT TO VICTOR HUGO (BACK)

been immense. It was the sculptor-anarchist's protest against the established order; in it every principle of dignified memorial art was overturned and derided. The stolid bust of the painter is assailed by a fat figure of "Fame," a nude female of adventurous mien, who endeavors to climb his slender pedestal in order to decorate him. Her voluptuous form is precariously supported by a violent "Father Time," who, taxed to the utmost, is encouraged by Apollo with outstretched, applauding hands. The spiral composition is ingenious, but these tumultuous acrobatics are undignified and irritating. There is no sense of eternity where Time plays such pranks.

After the "Delacroix" the present generation followed pell-mell. M. Puech, once so promising, showed steady decline from that early and beautiful work of his, "The Muse of André Chenier" (Fig. 67), in the Luxembourg. His "Siren" (Fig. 69) was all wings and waves and fish-tails, picturesquely incoherent. His famous relief, "The Nymph of the Seine," a dainty and fragile nude of most personal look, was "too true to be good"—too faithful to the model to be very noble sculpture. Such things may perhaps be excusable in relief, protected as they are by the conventions of that delicate form of art, but they mark a dangerous tendency.

Even in the beauty of the relief, "The Vision of Saint Anthony," I find a threatening symptom. When clouds begin to appear in sculpture, then beware! Waves are sufficiently perilous, but the marble clouds which incrust the walls and columns of so many Jesuit churches of

Europe are like the fungi which they resemble, the symbols of melancholy decay.

The recent public works of M. Puech are lamentable. A class memorial in a manual-training school (Fig. 68) shows a saucy Parisienne, quite nude, of course, seated upon an anvil and toying with a pair of pincers. The blithe young lady of the up-to-date coiffure is a perfect embodiment of assurance and inadequacy. Imagine intelligent toil personified in such guise!

This popular sculptor has done another thing quite as ludicrously unfortunate. His monument to a certain Admiral Garnier (Fig. 70), on the Avenue de l'Observatoire, shows a portrait bust of a hero of oriental seas rising from a surging tangle of Tritons and mermaids, waving arms, palm branches, and carved paddles. Confusion reigns. The very commonplace admiral with the Dundreary side-whiskers seems to find it impossible to conceal a look of polite inquiry in the face of this sculptural explosion.

Another of M. Puech's fantastic performances of recent date is a monument—or shall I say a merry-go-round?—dedicated to Charles Perrault, a writer for children (Fig. 77).

M. Larche carved some time ago a delightful group, "Les Violettes," three little children, exquisitely tender and poetic. The same sculptor's monument to Corot (Fig. 71), recently erected, is a trivial conception—a bust of the great painter upon a formless pedestal, built apparently of clouds; then the inevitable nude woman, ostensibly paying homage to the bust but in reality

67. PUECH, DENYS: MUSE OF ANDRÉ CHENIER

68. PUECH: CLASS MEMORIAL

69. PUECH: SIREN

70. PUECH: MONUMENT TO ADMIRAL GARNIER

71. LARCHE, FRANÇOIS: MONUMENT TO COROT

72. GAUQUIÉ, HENRI: MONUMENT TO WATTEAU

73. VERLET, CHARLES RAOUL: MONUMENT TO MAUPASSANT

74. PIRON, EUGÈNE DÉSIRÉ: MONUMENT TO PIRON

playing hide and seek with the public. She is not one of Corot's vaporous idealizations, but evidently a portrait of the little minx who posed for the figure. One feels that the honest old *paysagiste* would have been embarrassed by the juxtaposition.

Gauquié, in his memorial to Watteau (Fig. 72), has a better excuse for his playful treatment of the theme. The master of beribboned sheep and charmingly impossible shepherdesses could not be more fitly honored than by a monument of Sèvres or Dresden ware. One would imagine this little lady right off from a mantelpiece. In Verlet's "Maupassant" (Fig. 73) we have modern realism in all its glory. Every article of wearing apparel is satisfactorily accounted for. Maupassant would have been gratified.

One of the funniest of the series so opportunely interrupted by the war is a monument of admirable workmanship erected in the city of Dijon a few years ago in memory of the old-time poet Piron (Fig. 74). This pious tribute of a descendant is too much even for the stone image, which joins sympathetically in the laugh. The climax is perhaps reached in a proposed memorial to Rabelais (Fig. 75), which at the opening of the war was about to be erected in Nîmes. Should the project be forever thwarted the cataclysm of nations will have one good mark to its credit.

When a sculptor of Mercié's talent celebrates a brother artist as he did Baudry (Fig. 64); when an acknowledged master like Barrias closes his artistic career with such a paroxysm in metal as he created to the memory of

Victor Hugo (Figs. 65 and 66); when Frémiet undertakes to immortalize Raffet (Fig. 78) with a bronze joke of a grenadier chasing himself around a post—one must recognize that the weakness is inherent in the ideals of the time. Simplicity, serenity, dignity—all those qualities of a truly monumental art have disappeared to make way for violence and vociferation. That precious "hint of eternity" which is sculpture's greatest asset has been completely eliminated.

Ingenious variations of the well-worn motif may be found in a number of recent public monuments in Paris and the provincial cities. The veteran Mathurin Moreau in 1907 received the medal of honor of the Salon for his "Pierre Joigneaux" (Fig. 82), now at Beaune. Imagine this sculptured valentine in the city which possesses Rude's superb "Monge"! It is, however, a dignified work compared to the monument to Carnot (Fig. 79) of the same city. Pierre Roche has cleverly elected to have his attendant figures carry the bust of Dalou (Fig. 81) until a suitable pedestal be provided. One wishes that the support were a little more assured; the nude figure is too evidently straining under its burden.

An "intellectual" among the French sculptors is Gustave Michel, whose regal "La Pensée" and graceful "Le Rêve" have long been favorites of the Luxembourg collection. His memorial to Jules Ferry (Fig. 85) is a perfunctory and empty group which blockades a path in the Garden of the Tuileries to the outspoken irritation of the public.

75. VILLENEUVE, JACQUES: MONUMENT TO RABELAIS

76. MARQUESTE, LAURENT H.: MONUMENT TO WALDECK-ROUSSEAU

77. PUECH: MONUMENT TO PERRAULT

78. FRÉMIET, EMMANUEL: MONUMENT TO RAFFET

79. LOISEAU-BAILLY, GEORGES: MONUMENT TO CARNOT AT BEAUNE

80. MASSOULE, A.: MONUMENT TO MACÉ

81. ROCHE, PIERRE: MONUMENT TO DALOU

82. MOREAU, MATHURIN: MONUMENT TO JOIGNEAUX AT BEAUNE

83. SICARD, FRANÇOIS: MONUMENT TO BARBEY

84. CHAMPEIL, J. B.: MONUMENT TO GODARD

85. MICHEL, GUSTAVE: MONUMENT TO JULES FERRY

86. BARRIAS: DETAIL OF MONUMENT TO AUGIER

87. MERCIÉ: MONUMENT TO GOUNOD

88. SAINT-MARCEAUX, RENÉ DE: MONUMENT TO DUMAS

89. SICARD: MONUMENT TO GEORGE SAND

90. SAINT-MARCEAUX: MONUMENT TO DAUDET

On the other hand Champeil's "Benjamin Godard" (Fig. 84) is not lacking in distinction. Mercié's "Gounod" (Fig. 87) is one of the most interesting and significant of these compositions, explaining itself at a glance. Its light touch has charm if not power. Saint-Marceaux' "quality of unexpectedness" seldom failed him. His "Dumas Fils" (Fig. 88) is a great favorite, but is fragile compared with his "Daudet" (Fig. 90). This admirable creation is completely unacademic without being bizarre. It points the way to a monumental art on new and striking lines. Of the same type is Sicard's "George Sand" (Fig. 89) in the Luxembourg Garden, to be spoken of later. The Barbey memorial (Fig. 83) by the same sculptor has not been surpassed in recent years; of it likewise I shall have more to say.

Falguière's valedictory, "Henri de la Rochejaquelin" (Fig. 91), is very fine. Its subtle blend of the gentleman of fashion and the fiery defender of the country is a triumphant expression not only of the great sculptor who gave it form but of a great people. One perceives today that this reminiscent work was grandly prophetic. Falguière was not always so inspired. In fact the word inspiration seems a little out of place in connection with an artist whose theme was generally the flesh. Brownell has told us that he was at his best in subjects "frankly carnal." We all know his splendid travesty on the chaste Diana (Fig. 92)—that magnificent piece of modeling, with name so incongruous. A large photograph of his "Woman with a Peacock" (Fig. 93) was, I remember, the chief decoration of MacMonnies' Parisian studio, treasured like a

sacred ikon. It was a beautifully simplified study of a model, but in his figure of a well-known dancer (Fig. 94) he neglected to generalize. As has been well said of this painstaking record, portraiture could go no farther!

For good or evil these men of enormous ability wield a corresponding influence; a nation's art is largely shaped by them. Behold what such example did to Carlès (Fig. 99), and Cordonnier (Fig. 100), and Picault!

Cordonnier was in my day counted one of the most promising of the young men. He had made a fine "Joan of Arc" and other things of essential worth; now in his maturity he offers us such rubbish as his hysterical "Song." It is laughable, but to me strangely pathetic.

A striking illustration I recall. Away back in the early eighties, when Rodin was beginning to attract much attention, I met a young pupil of his, Mlle Camille Claudel. If ever youth bore the look of genius and inspiration it was to be read in the face of that slender, lovely girl. Her talent was evident in everything which she produced. A fine head of her brother as "A Young Roman" revealed the great promise within her. When some ten years later I was in Paris and saw her represented by that poor little curiosity, "The Gossips" (Fig. 95), I was sadly chagrined. To think that daily intercourse with "the Master" should have brought such results! But the end was not yet. I had not seen "The Waltz" (Fig. 96)! This was followed by "The Ripe Age" (Fig. 97), a sculptural horror. Its title is a misnomer; it is far past ripeness. And finally we have that work of insanity, "Clotho" (Fig. 98), a combination of the tragedy of

Rodin's dreadful "Heaulmière" and the upright corpse of Ligier-Richier. Poor little Camille had run her course!

Another pitiful exhibition of decadence of ideals if not of craftsmanship is shown in the veritable rake's progress of Charpentier. His early success, "Illusion," was a figure of much beauty. His next offering, the "Shooting Star," was perhaps quite as well modeled, but suggests a clock top. This was followed by "Voluptuousness" (Fig. 102), skilfully done but hardly a great sculptural thought; and finally the world was gladdened by "The Bicycle" (Fig. 101), which all too loudly speaks for itself. Perhaps it is as well that we have no later works to present.

These examples are significant because they are not the productions of ignorant beginners; most of them are the mature expressions of the leaders and men of standing in modern sculpture. Still others have emulated Rodin in eager portrayal of primitive passions, vulgarizing with insistent familiarity the most sacred things in life. Insensible to the charm and poetry of suggestion, such crude disciples of modernism picture all with a brutal frankness that repels. Sculpture has become taxidermy, and their stuffed men and women lack only color and real hair to vie with the wax tableaux of ethnological and surgical museums.

After such a review of the pre-war output of the Parisian studios one is able to understand the warning of that great artist and seer, Albert Bartholomé, whose noble monument, "Aux Morts" (Fig. 107), you have seen at Père-Lachaise. "There will be no new Renaissance of French sculpture," says he, "until the young modelers

turn once more to the limestone of which the cathedrals were built, and carve great, simple figures in it, as did the medieval masters." His keen artist mind realized that only through the exigencies of such material might be developed in France a grave and simple art, a new school of sculpture.

And this very thing is happening. The word of Bartholomé is coming true. Just as his great vision of humanity's eternal sequence reaches beyond the grave, so we find even in the midst of France's agony a promise of a glorious resurrection. A group of her younger men began some years ago to "carve great, simple figures" in the Paris limestone. Their achievements have been notable; their promise for the future is still greater.

Before speaking of such conspicuous insurgents as Maillol, Bourdelle, and the more reasonable Bouchard, I wish to emphasize the fact that there has always existed a group of sane, sincere, and diligent craftsmen who, according to their varying tastes and intelligences, have upheld the reputation of French sculpture.

One of the most ingenious and poetic of these men is Jean Dampt, whose little "Saint Jean" and "l'Aïeule" have long adorned the Luxembourg. In the latter work he recognizes Rodin's great discovery of the contrasts possible in marble-cutting, yet shows no hint of exaggeration or sensationalism. Such virtues of reticence have always been the attributes of a considerable number; amid the annual riot of inanities one finds now and then a beautifully modeled figure like Dagonet's "Eve" (Fig. 106) or Lefèvre's "Happiness" (Fig. 105), works of

91. FALGUIÈRE, ALEXANDRE: HENRI DE LA ROCHEJACQUELIN

92. FALGUIÈRE: DIANA

93. FALGUIÈRE: WOMAN WITH PEACOCK

94. FALGUIÈRE: DANCER

95. CLAUDEL, MLLE CAMILLE: THE GOSSIPS

96. CLAUDEL: THE WALTZ

97. CLAUDEL: THE RIPE AGE

98. CLAUDEL: CLOTHO

99. CARLÈS, ANTONIN JEAN: JUNO

100. CORDONNIER, ALPHONSE: THE SONG

101. CHARPENTIER, FÉLIX: THE BICYCLE

102. CHARPENTIER: VOLUPTUOUSNESS

103. SICARD: HAGAR AND ISHMAEL

104. DUBOIS, ERNEST: THE PARDON

105. LEFÈVRE, CAMILLE: HAPPINESS

106. DAGONET, ERNEST: EVE

most conscientious and intelligent execution. Another truly sculptural utterance is Ernest Dubois' version of the prodigal's return, called "The Pardon" (Fig. 104).

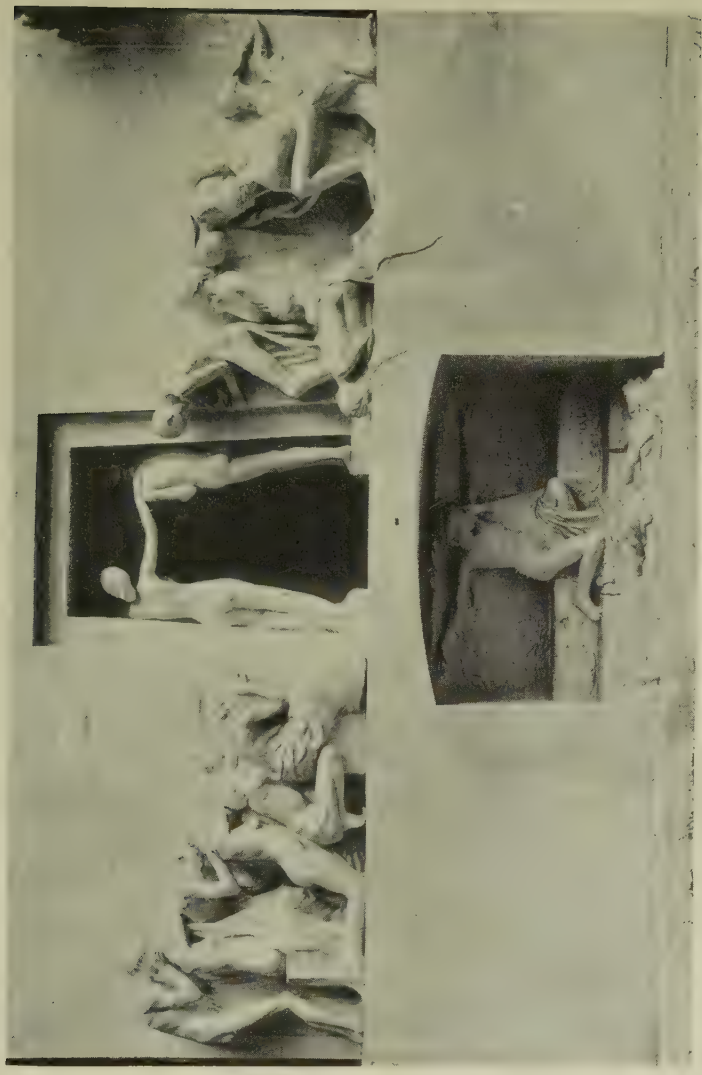
"The Two Mourners" (Fig. 109) by Rivière is an appealing group which illustrates the present tendency of the sculptor to "keep the work white." The phrase is only another way of describing the subordination of non-essentials, the suppression of dark shadows, the emphasis of the mass. Obviously this is advantageous from several points of view; not least of these being the elimination of purely realistic and insignificant details, with consequent enhancement of essentials. In the hands of a beginner "full of enthusiasm and ignorance" the result may be like the "Child with a Balloon" (Fig. 111) by a young lady modeler, who has produced little else but "whiteness." Tisné's portrait-study, "Tout en Fleurs" (Fig. 110), shows not only grace but a charming tonality, while Vermare in his "Pierrot" (Fig. 108) has given us a real *tour de force*. You could tell that Pierrot was dressed in white by the very "feel" of the statue though you were in the dark!

It was Roger-Bloche who modeled "Le Froid" (Fig. 112), that unhappy pair whom you may have seen shivering on a hot summer day at the entrance of the Luxembourg. Some years ago this artist employed his unusual talents in "L'Accident" (Fig. 114), a circle of detached figures gathered around a workman apparently fallen at a street corner. It was a bit of journalism of wonderful skill and characterization, but having no more sculptural intent than the most childish of our own

John Rogers' early "groups." Probably it was but an experiment—an adventure in panoramic art—for the sculptor gloriously redeemed himself the next year with a work of concentrated emotion called "The Child" (Fig. 113).

Strange it is that gifted men should expend months of toil upon hopelessly unsculptural themes. Lefebre's relief, "Springtime" (Fig. 115), for instance, shows three young couples in realistic modern costume walking up the side of a great block of marble. These romantic pairs are separated by some space and evidently desire more; as a composition they have no relation to one another. "Aux Champs" (Fig. 116) by Guillaume represents a peasant with a wheelbarrow heaped high with hay. He is followed at a respectful distance by his faithful wife, and there is apparently no structural reason why the procession should not include a dozen children, dogs, and farm animals strolling in, all as casual as a baby's arrangement of its Noah's ark figures. "Grape-Gathering in Champagne" (Fig. 117) includes a considerable portion of the vineyard. Doubtless the composition would be even more scattered today! But why multiply illustrations? I have no desire to make this book a collection of warnings.

Some of the genuinely able men who have recently compelled attention in Paris are not altogether to our provincial taste. The reaction against highly finished and realistic work has been so pronounced that primitive methods like those of Maillol afford sharp contrast to much already shown. For a time this gifted experimenter



107. BARTHOLOMÉ, ALBERT: MONUMENT AUX MORTS

108. VERMARE, ANDRÉ: PIERROT

109. RIVIÈRE, LOUIS: LES DEUX DOULEURS

110. TISNÉ, JEAN LUCIEN: TOUT EN FLEURS

111. JOJON, MLLE: CHILD WITH BALLOON

affected an absurd naïveté, which from the well-trained hand of such an artist was like baby talk on the lips of an adult. Later works ring more true. I rather like his "Flora" (Fig. 121), although she has fallen upon pitiful, meager times. The elementary power of his well-known relief of two kneeling figures is instantly recognizable. The "Seated Woman" (Fig. 118) and the "Crouching Woman" (Fig. 120), likewise, have a massive majesty which is founded upon truth; they are not like Gaudier's inflated monsters. These are simply studies well begun which have been arrested in their development.

A sculptor of unusual vitality and of unlimited vogue is Emile Bourdelle. He would seem to be the direct successor of Rodin, whose portrait he has made to look like a Triton or Silenus (Fig. 122). Such works as the sketchy "Mother and Child" (Fig. 124), the masterful "Ingres" (Fig. 123), and the brooding "Beethoven" (Fig. 125) are more attractive than his pet "Hercules" (Fig. 128), the charm of which I fail to appreciate. I find myself less cold toward the reliefs of the Theatre of the Champs Elysées (Figs. 126 and 127) which, it must be acknowledged, do play their part well upon the massive front of the building. What would Clodion and Bouchardon have said to such petrified rag time? Admirably harmonious with the architecture, they are of course quite justifiable, but some of us are so conservative that we prefer the rhythms of Jean Goujon or of the Greeks.

Another man of remarkable power is Paul Landowski. His primitive builder, known as "The Architect" (Fig. 129),

is not the conception of a weakling; there is nothing lackadaisical nor anemic about such art as this! An even more original work by the same sculptor is called "The Sons of Cain" (Fig. 130). One of these figures is supposed to represent the primitive shepherd, another the ancient blacksmith with his treasured flame, and the third the original poet of the race. As devoid of complicated line as Rodin's "Burghers of Calais," it is nevertheless a virile work of unusual strength. The "Hymn to Aurora" at first glance is pure realism—two nude figures which look like casts from nature, standing side by side. There must be more there, however, for these primeval worshipers are unforgettable in their sincerity.

Greatest of this new generation, in my humble judgment, is that adventurous but well-balanced genius, Henry Bouchard, who early commanded attention through his prize-winning model for the Reformers' Memorial (Fig. 131), a work recently erected in Geneva. After the monuments of Paris, with which you have been regaled, you can imagine the sensation created by this austere design when it appeared some fifteen years ago. It is built into the ancient city walls and forms one of the most impressive of Europe's sculptural records.

A group of stalwart "Iron-Workers" had come earlier. They are superbly modeled and powerful in movement but there is a forced balance in the composition, an obviously studied symmetry, which smacks of the Beaux-Arts. From this the young master has since completely emancipated himself in a series of most original and varied works.

112. ROGER-BLOCHE, PAUL: LE FROID

113. ROCER-BLOCHE: L'ENFANT

114. ROGER-BLOCHE: L'ACCIDENT

115. LEFEBVRE, HIPPOLYTE: AU PRINTEMPS

116. GUILLAUME, EMILE: AUX CHAMPS

117. CHARBONNEAUX, PIERRE: GRAPE-GATHERING IN CHAMPAGNE

Here, for instance, is his memorial (Fig. 135) to four victims of an aeronautic accident of some years ago. No wealth of elaboration, no tangled allegory, could surpass the appeal of these silent sleepers.

This "Blacksmith in Repose" (Fig. 134) looks little enough like the traditional *objet de Paris* of our mantels. Its author is not concerned with the superficial graces, but what a satisfying expression of physical adequacy is found here! The bronze, somewhat larger than life, is a prized possession of the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

One of Bouchard's most original and most fascinating figures is his "Master Workman" (Fig. 133), carved in that same Paris limestone. He is supposed to be one of the many nameless masters of the craft who produced the miracles of Gothic art. I am mistaken; he has a name—Pierre de Montereau—and he built the Sainte Chapelle for good Saint Louis. In the delightfully sculptural garments of his day, with clumsy plumb-bob and level at hand, he sits upon a waiting block, his eager eye following the growth of climbing spire or buttress. The simplicity of the conception is refreshing; the result highly statuesque.

It is not strange that this figure should have led to another, an ideal portrait of an old-time sculptor. In this case who could have better claim to recognition than the sturdy Flemish-Burgundian, Claus Sluter (Fig. 137), he of the "Fountain of Moses" and the splendid monuments to Philip the Hardy at Dijon? No data exist; the portrait is quite fanciful, but it is certainly one of the most picturesque and vivid of all sculptured effigies.

I fear I shall not convince you of the beauty of Bouchard's "Fishermen" (Fig. 136). The group is not beautiful according to any conventional rule; yet to me in its strong, solid mass it is one of the most interesting things upon my list.

And then, when you have just decided that our hero has gone over entirely to the joys of characterization—that he has forever turned his back upon grace and charm —we find him doing something as astonishingly refined and classic as this fountain group, "Girl with a Gazelle" (Fig. 146). It gave me such a surprise that at first I could not believe it from the same hand. I am so glad that he did it!

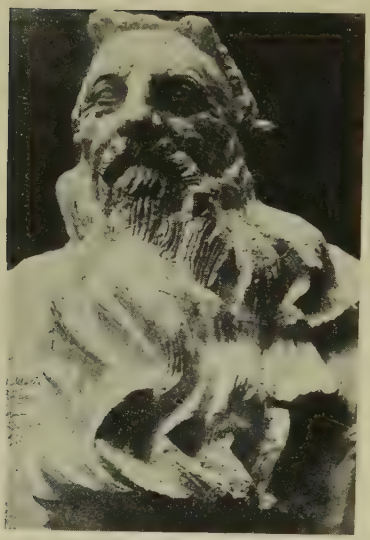
François Sicard unites with the traditional cleverness of the French sculptor a vigorous imagination. He has shown from year to year a succession of important works —serious, impressive things which justified the labor put upon them. And the labor has not been spared, for all are in marble and wonderfully wrought. One portrays "The Good Samaritan" bearing his helpless burden. Finer still is the "Hagar and Ishmael" (Fig. 103). The artist had received the Prix de Rome in 1891, and this dramatic group was his first *envoi*. The mother has laid her perishing boy upon a rocky ledge and while supporting him there hides her agonized face from his misery. The subtle modeling of the nude bodies is enhanced by the contrasting background of rugged rock. To a sculptor this range of treatment suggests the laborious evolution of soft flesh from the shapeless boulder—that unwilling genesis which Rodin has so often illustrated in the gamut of

118. MAILLOL, ARISTIDE: SEATED WOMAN

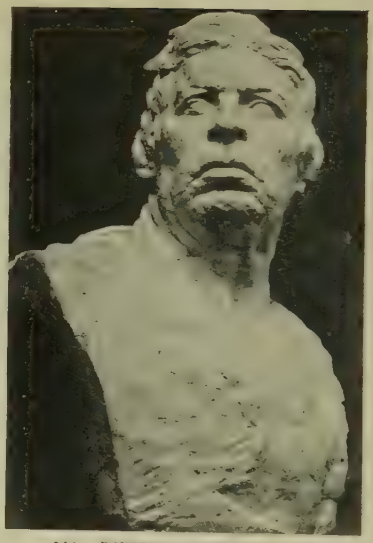
119. MAILLOL: DRAPED FIGURE

120. MAILLOL: CROUCHING WOMAN

121. MAILLOL: FLORA

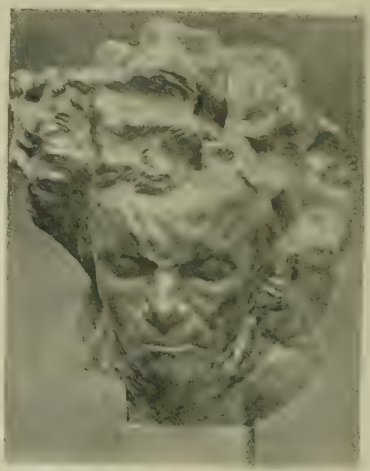


122. BOURDELLE, EMILE: BUST OF RODIN



123. BOURDELLE: BUST OF INGRES

124. BOURDELLE: MOTHER AND CHILD

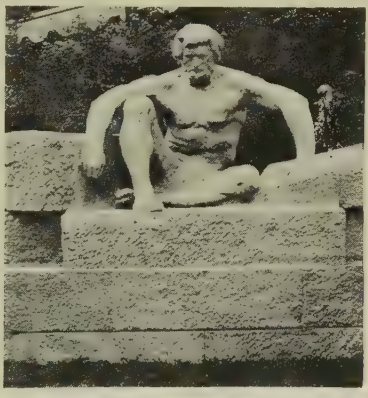


125. BOURDELLE: HEAD OF BEETHOVEN

126. BOURDELLE: MUSIC

127. BOURDELLE: THE DANCE

128. BOURDELLE: HERCULES



129. LANDOWSKI, PAUL: THE ARCHITECT

130. LANDOWSKI: THE SONS OF CAIN

131. BOUCHARD, HENRY: MONUMENT TO REFORMERS
(GENEVA, SWITZERLAND)

132. BOUCHARD: PLOWING IN BURGUNDY

his great works. Here, however, we find no eccentricities, no exaggerations, no contortions; the group is simple and direct, full of feeling and masterly in its every touch. It won a first medal at the Salon, and one feels that, that year at least, the distinction must have been fitly bestowed.

At the Salon of 1905 Sicard received the medal of honor for his memorial to George Sand (Fig. 89), previously mentioned. This fine presentment of the writer offers with admirable precision the head and striking features of the subject carved in a large, simple way while the remainder of the figure is "thrown out of focus" as it were—subordinated with a nice sense of discrimination, yet without a suspicion of weakness in the drawing.

Another most satisfactory work of Sicard's which has also been referred to is his memorial to M. Barbey (Fig. 83), a philanthropist of Mazamet. Here he incorporated a number of appealing character studies and has skilfully avoided the ever-present danger of making the actors likewise spectators. These humble beneficiaries of the generous giver whom they honor are at their ease and most natural, yet the sculptor has made them a part of the monument. In many of the preceding examples there has been a suggestion of a breathless pose—a tableau that would fall apart as soon as an imagined curtain went down. Here, however, is no threat of such catastrophe; these figures have a structural and loyal part in the composition. I cannot say as much of the same artist's big panoramic group of the Pantheon. A recent trifling fancy, a "Scarf Dancer" (Fig. 142), by Sicard has so

much charm, such Gothic naïveté, that it must be admitted to our record.

Charles Despiau has a group of devotees, for whom his primitive heads are the acme of interpretation. To attempt to analyze their appeal would be to profane them. I shall therefore let "Paulette" (Fig. 150) speak for herself. If she only could do so I am sure that one would hear her addressing "La Femme Inconnue" as "Tante" if not "Maman"!

Another discovery rewarding my search for the quaint and unusual is the work of René Quillivic. His interest in his home people is not wasted. Very well worth doing was his "Breton Embroiderer" and the delightful "Petite Bigoudaine" (Fig. 147), while his "Breton Mourners" (Fig. 140) are so completely in the spirit of their tragic corner of the earth that they might almost have stepped down from an ancient "calvaire" of Finistère. Is it one of their sailor dead whom they lament, these labor-worn, stiff-draped figures?

Perhaps we have him here in this strange group by Cordonnier (Fig. 141). But no; these are foundrymen bearing the victim of an accident. What a striking and original composition it makes! Cordonnier is retrieving himself. Related in spirit is another work, "Consolation" (Fig. 139), by F. David; a group of truly sculptural intent combined with a gracious tenderness which has not been overdone and turned into sentimentality.

The same breadth of handling we find in "Le Soir" (Fig. 148) by Jacquot. This may be a tiny statuette, but it has the quality of work largely conceived.

133. BOUCHARD: THE MASTER WORKMAN

134. BOUCHARD: BLACKSMITH IN REPOSE

135. BOUCHARD: MONUMENT TO AERONAUTS

136. BOUCHARD: FISHERMEN

137. BOUCHARD: CLAUS SLUTER

138. ROUX, CONSTANT: STATUE OF POUSSIN

139. DAVID, FERNAND: CONSOLATION

140. QUILLIVIC, RENÉ: BRETON MOURNERS

141. CORDONNIER: FUNERAL

142. SICARD: SCARF DANCER

143. BOUCHER, JEAN: FRA ANGELICO

144. DESBOIS, JULES: WINTER

145. MICHEL: MONUMENT TO BEETHOVEN

A real master of his craft is Jules Desbois. His "Winter" (Fig. 144) is but one among a hundred beautiful and expressive figures bearing his name, while in "La Source"—another familiar theme—we have a beautiful composition and such richness of modeling, such completeness of fulfilment, as must win the quick admiration of sculptors of every land.

A companion to Bouchard's "Master Builder" in the court of the Louvre is Roux's portrait of Poussin (Fig. 138), an excellent characterization, large and simple in handling, as it must be for the limestone in which it is so ably carved.

Michel's monument to Beethoven (Fig. 145) in the Salon of fateful 1914 was very impressive. Two other works of that year claim recognition. One is Monard's elegiac "Aux Aviateurs" (Fig. 149). How widely must those eagle wings spread today to protect the myriad dead who received their summons amid the clouds!

The other is this "Fra Angelico" (Fig. 143). I saw it first pictured in a foreign magazine, and later the original appeared with the French exhibit at San Francisco. I tried to get someone to buy it for the Art Institute—and it has found a resting-place in the Detroit Museum! It is only a small bronze, but to me this little effigy of a monk is a big work. The sculptor is not Bouchard, but Jean Boucher, of whom I know nothing except that he made it. The figure has all of the dignity and reticence which a portrait statue should possess as its very first essential—the quality so generally lacking in recent

monuments in France. That it should be one of the latest expressions of French sculpture is an omen full of promise.

It was the writer's somewhat melancholy privilege to see the Salon of 1919. The exhibit was a brave attempt on the part of the artists, but its poverty revealed the fact that the "devastated area" was not all at the front. The victory which at so staggering a cost had finally come to a tormented land was not here celebrated by means of beautiful ideas worthily realized but through familiar conventional symbols. As wrote one of their critics: "The sculpture show is more like a barnyard than an art exhibition; the Gallic cock crows from every pedestal." The suggestions for military memorials were almost without exception banal; evidently the big men had not yet begun to collect their thoughts.

Nevertheless, even in that trying hour of exhaustion and lassitude, there were to be discovered occasional works of great value. Three busts of singular vividness and simplicity of treatment left pleasant memories and deserve mention. One showed an old woman with closed eyes (Fig. 151), a portrait lovingly modeled and carved by Marcel Jacques. Another represented a man engrossed in a book (Fig. 153), by Maurice Favre. The legitimate realism of the gray rock, the odd cap, and, above all, the reader's look of concentration in the midst of so much vehemence—living and simulated—in which he was engulfed, made this work very conspicuous.

146. BOUCHARD: FOUNTAIN. GIRL WITH A GAZELLE

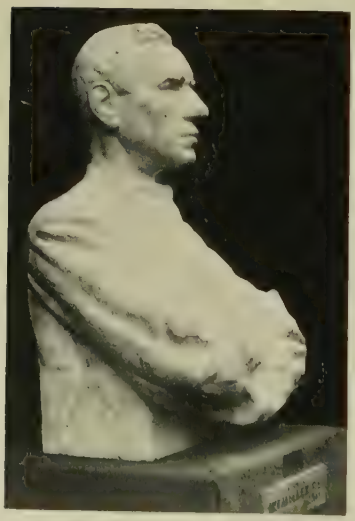
147. QUILLIVIC:
PETITE BIGOUDAINE

148. JACQUOT
CHARLES: LE SOIR

140. MONARD, LOUIS DE: AUX AVIATEURS

150. DESPIAU, CHARLES: PAULETTE

151. JACQUES, MARCEL: BUST OF AN OLD WOMAN



152. HANIN, MLLE JEANNE: BUST OF L'ABBÉ LEMIRE

153. FAVRE, MAURICE: BUST OF EMILE FABRE

Most notable, however, was the bust of an abbé carved in porous stone (Fig. 152). Absolutely free from uncertainty, without a faltering stroke, this austere characterization stands out in memory as the dominant sculpture of the Salon of 1919. What was one's surprise to find it signed by a woman—Mlle Jeanne Hanin. A nation showing craftsmanship like this and such virility in the work of its women will not rest long in eclipse. France will continue to lead the world in "the arts of space and time."

III

RECENT GERMAN SCULPTURE

Like most of my generation who received their art training in France, I long cherished a profound disrespect for German art.

One of the most painful results of war is its heritage of hate and misunderstanding between sister-nations, and the Franco-Prussian War was peculiarly productive of this lamentable harvest. For years German art was never seen in the exhibitions of Paris, and it was always referred to with contempt. I recall the surprise and almost unwilling delight afforded us by the first German painting which appeared at the Salon in the early eighties —a tender yet masterly conception of Christ amid modern surroundings exhibited by Fritz von Uhde under the title: "Komm, lieber Jesus, sei unser Gast." The picture had a great success and was followed by a flood of Gallic imitations which have ever since held permanent place in the Parisian studios and exhibits.

German sculpture remained unknown to us. What the magazines brought to view showed as a rule the pompous art of officialdom or else hopeless anachronisms —belated survivals of "the mode" of Canova and Thorwaldsen, without their touch of genius.

With vague, unhappy memories of such attempts, and particularly of the ornate grandiloquence of certain imperial monuments in Berlin, the traveler is amazed to

discover that some of the most interesting works of sculpture and architecture recently produced in Europe are to be found in the growing cities of the German Empire. There is a saying that "when things become as bad as they can, something has got to happen." The something has happened in Germany, and the pretentious allegories of the nineteenth century are giving way before the thoughtful work of a younger generation who have in mind, first of all, the reasonable use of the medium concerned; who treat stone as stone and bronze as bronze, producing delightful results with an astonishing economy of effort.

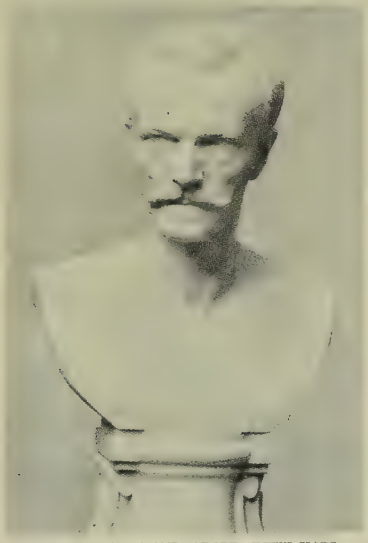
Of those who have prejudiced the world against German monumental art none can lay claim to greater eminence than Rudolph Siemering and Reinhold Begas. The first was a delightful old blunderer who produced one or two respectable things, but whose work as a rule was utterly devoid of both charm and distinction. To select a work like the Bismarck monument at Frankfort as representative of his life's achievement does not seem quite fair, but this group is neither better nor worse than Siemering's average. Bismarck leads Germania's fiery steed with one hand and grasps his sword with the other, while the enemies of the Vaterland are personified by a grotesque dragon, conveniently placed for trampling under foot from time to time. Siemering's monument to Washington in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is known all too well, although you may not have noticed Washington himself, lost as he is amid a comprehensive collection of American fauna done into German bronze!

And then in the midst of your vituperations you run across a portrait of the man and find that Rudolph Siemering was one of the handsomest and most intellectual of all his race! He had a noble brow and long silvery hair and beard, and a kindly, yet earnest expression—I am sure we should have loved him had we known him. It was his mistake to be born at the wrong moment and to learn his craft in a period of transition. He is already quite out of date.

Begas had perhaps no better taste, but he was a clever modeler and possessed a certain decorative skill which made his pompous, superficial art very welcome in the early years of the imperial régime. Among his ideal works we find a perturbed "Susannah" and an uncomfortable group of "Hermes and Psyche" on their travels, also a very strenuous "Rape of Sabine Women," which seems to have been particularly admired. In a single park in a German city I noticed three groups portraying this primitive and time-honored form of endeavor.

But it is in his big official works that Begas best expresses the bluster and intolerance of a government founded upon military ideals. His monument to the first emperor of Germany, William I, has been described as "surrounded by floating Victories, roaring lions, standards, cannons, and chariots." It is not without its admirable bits of modeling, but as a whole it is lacking in distinction and particularly in that sense of repose which is the very essence of great sculpture. The horse and rider are sufficiently dignified, the Victory not ungraceful, although never to be mentioned with such a

154. BARTH, GEORG: ARABIAN AND EGYPTIAN WATER-CARRIERS



155. HILDEBRAND, ADOLF: DUKE KARL THEODOR OF BAVARIA

156. UPHEUS, JOSEPH: BUST OF HEINRICH OF ANTWERP

157. TUAILLON, LOUIS: FREDERICK III (BREMEN)

158. LEDERER, HUGO: FREDERICK III (AACHEN)

159. STUCK, FRANZ: AMAZON

160. TUAILLON: AMAZON

"Victory" as Saint-Gaudens gave our General Sherman. But after this the monument becomes a pretentious jumble upon which the busy artist has piled all the stage properties within reach. His spotty reliefs are abominable, with their lonesome figures afloat in vast landscapes. The warriors are well enough modeled but are perfectly adventitious in the design. They sit down or recline upon the steps wherever "that tired feeling" strikes them. There is nothing organic in the composition of this monument; nothing sculptural in its development. The favorite court sculptor triumphantly shows us how not to do it!

What shall I say regarding the much-discussed "Sieges Allee"? That it is monotonously arrogant goes without saying. But even its tiresome advertising of the Hohenzollerns is not uniformly bad. Thirty-two monuments there are, symbolizing thirty-two generations of men with their ambitions, their struggles, and their bitter disappointments. The sequence of lives is to me ever inexpressibly pathetic, and this array of monarchs who have lived and loved and hoped and feared gripped me strongly. As usual, the mad Kaiser was impatient and unreasonable; the workmanship is more or less hasty and so realistic that the marble chains almost rattle in the wind. Clever Italian carvers were employed who delighted in attenuating the stone to the last degree. But the tooth of time will improve all this, and some day when these effigies have become as venerable as the men they portray, the "Sieges Allee" may be held in great reverence like Maximilian's Tomb at Innsbruck, with its host of honored guests of bronze. Each figure of a ruler

of Prussia is supported by two busts of leading men of the reign. Some of these are admirably vivid interpretations, one of the best being the "Heinrich of Antwerp" by Joseph Upheus (Fig. 156).

Among those untouched by the new movement the great name is Adolf Hildebrand, of Munich, a master of the old school and Florentine tradition, whose example has been a constant gospel of good taste and sanity. Even today, when the whole world seems to have gone after false gods, his influence continues to be felt, and I wonder if the fact that in the midst of this revolution German sculpture, however fantastic, remains essentially sculpture, is not due largely to the life-long precept and practice of this admirable representative of the craft. He is a poet and philosopher as well as sculptor and has written works upon the underlying principles of his art, particularly upon the requirements of monumental design. It is a pity that so few artists have bethought themselves to give this subject serious consideration.

Hildebrand was born in 1847 in Marburg. He studied in Nuremberg and later in Munich and enjoyed the inestimable privilege of a sojourn in Rome and Florence with cultivated companions of high ideals. His early portraits showed a startling realism: a bust of "Frau Fiedler," done in 1876 in colored terra cotta, is a presentment so strangely lifelike that it would really inhabit any room in which it were placed. An achievement of greater significance is the well-known marble bust of Duke Karl Theodor of Bavaria (Fig. 155), which along with extraordinary fidelity to the individual offers a just

161. EBERLEIN, GUSTAV: THE SECRET

162. BREUER, PETER: ADAM AND EVE

163. KLINGER, MAX: BEETHOVEN

164. KLINGER: SALOME

165. LEDERER: BISMARCK MONUMENT (HAMBURG)

166. METZNER, FRANZ: VÖLKERSCHLACHT MONUMENT

balance of animation and repose. The union of these two seemingly contradictory qualities in a harmonious combination is the greatest problem of the sculptor. No modern has succeeded better than Hildebrand.

Very much less important but likewise outside the present movement which we are about to discuss is the once popular Gustav Eberlein, a survivor of the Romantic school. Elegance and skill reveal themselves in all that Eberlein does, but there is something of the picturesque —a note almost annoyingly operatic, one might say—in his work, which does not make for great, genuine sculpture. "The Secret" (Fig. 161) is one of his best productions.

The struggles of the closing years of the nineteenth century—the efforts of German sculpture to escape classic and romantic traditions—left a bewildering if not pleasurable record. While the majority and particularly the leaders were doing such monuments as we have seen and such fountains as Otto Lessing's agonized "Prometheus" group in Berlin, the younger men were becoming very restless and insurgent. Some, like Georg Barth, turned to the Orient for their themes and were well rewarded (Fig. 154). Others tried fantasy, as Rudolf Maison with his freakish "Faun Girl," and Otto Lang, who devised a remarkable "Faun Skating." Perhaps the most extraordinary of this series is a group called "At the Bottom of the Sea" by Otto Petri. Just where this absurdity would find a welcome it is hard to say—possibly in the depths of an aquarium or as an understudy to Annette Kellerman.

Returning to themes more sane we find in the "Adam and Eve" (Fig. 162) of Peter Breuer an almost perfect example of sculptural compactness. Scrutiny of the marble discloses that its modeling does not quite equal the composition, but this group is deserving of great respect.

One of the excellent sculptors of Germany, an artist whose work is never sensational, bears the French name of Louis Tuaillon. His "Emperor Frederick III" at Bremen (Fig. 157), although at first sight a bit old-fashioned in his Roman armor, is nevertheless a statue of sterling quality. His "Amazon" (Fig. 160) occupies a prominent position in Berlin and is the acme of quiet grace. You may not care for it at first, but you return to it with increasing pleasure until in time it becomes a habit.

But they all make "Amazons" as well as fauns over there! Franz Stuck, the eccentric painter, often turned to sculpture for the expression of his weird and crowding thoughts. His small equestrian "Amazon" (Fig. 159) is happily conceived—much better art indeed than most of his paintings.

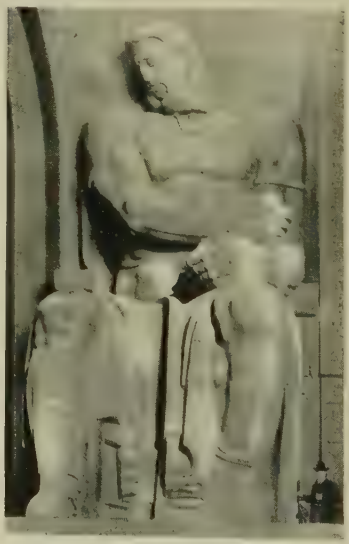
One of the greatly advertised productions of recent years was Max Klinger's elaborate "Beethoven" (Fig. 163), a work of some merit but executed in a confused combination of metal and various stones. Beethoven is almost forgotten, such is the display of handicrafts; one longs to see the model in the unity of the original white in order to judge it as sculpture. Klinger's colored "Salome" (Fig. 164) in Dresden is startling in its realism, while an "Aphrodite" in the same collection is nude life

167. LEDERER: SEATED BISMARCK

168. LEDERER: BISMARCK (HAMBURG)

169. LEDERER: FATE

170 METZNER: DETAIL OF VÖLKERSCHLACHT MONUMENT (LEIPZIG)



171. METZNER: DETAIL OF VÖLKERSCHLACHT MONUMENT

itself—realistic modeling reinforced with the tints of nature.

We turn now to something far more important, a monument at Hamburg of great originality and power. So strange is its aspect that a word of explanation is necessary. In many towns of Germany one finds a queer, primitive, weather-beaten figure of Roland, the traditional hero and protector. These ancient effigies are looked upon as almost sacred; their service as guardian sentinels is everywhere recognized. Hugo Lederer, an Austrian by birth and education, has created upon this familiar motif a memorial to Bismarck (Figs. 165 and 168), which is one of the truly great monuments of later times —an armored figure of colossal size standing guard upon the hilltop and supported by massive architecture of which it forms a part. The statue is vastly impressive because it was conceived "big" instead of being an ordinary portrait enlarged. An appreciative writer says of it: "No attempt has been made to obliterate the fissures between the granite blocks that compose the mighty figure; each block is seen in clear outline, and thus the whole structure appears almost as the result of the upbuilding forces of Nature herself. Power in calm repose—that is the impression which forces itself irresistibly upon the spectator." We of a modern world find ourselves out of sympathy with the methods of Bismarck, but we must recognize that like the man thus honored the effigy stands grim and faithful, admirably adequate.

An early work by Lederer, called "Fate" (Fig. 169), reveals the dramatic instincts of its author. This

symmetrical group is composed of three figures, a gigantic and portentous female and two helpless men whom she drags by the hair. Possibly the sculptor had a secondary purpose, showing how "mere man" will fare when the sexes become properly adjusted!

The Kyffhäuser Memorial (Figs. 172 and 173) owes its impressiveness to the architect rather than to the sculptor's contribution. It is one of the notable works of Bruno Schmitz—the designer of the Indianapolis soldier monument—who has here evolved a massive tower along with its protecting arcades of heavy masonry, directly out of the mountain quarry which gave them birth. One looks through the arches across a field of rugged rocks to where reposes in his subterranean stronghold "Der alte Barbarossa, der Kaiser Friederich." Above this recess, upon the side of the tower, appears the gigantic equestrian statue of the founder of the new empire, William I. Despite the inadequacy of this portion of the sculpture the conception as a whole is grandiose.

Yet another of these massive piles which the Germans delighted to erect all over their land in celebration of the new empire is the monument to Emperor William I at Coblenz. The almost Cyclopean architecture may be imposing upon near approach, but the silhouette of the sculpture is so absurd that the work was taken by our boys in khaki as a colossal joke.

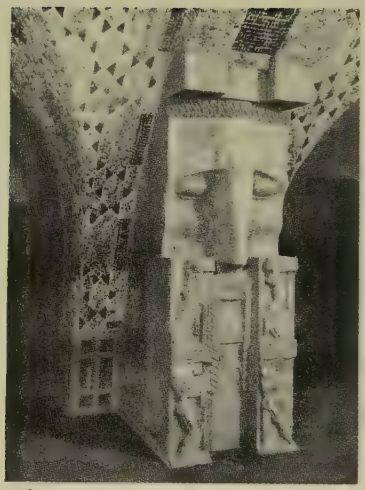
The old-time city of Düsseldorf, associated in most of our minds with an extinct school of Romantic painting, offers us today one of the finest examples of modern architecture and sculpture blended in happy union. It is

172. KYFFHÄUSER MONUMENT

173. KYFFHÄUSER MONUMENT

174. METZNER: DECORATION ON HAUS TIETZ (DÜSSELDORF)

175. METZNER: DETAIL OF HAUS TIETZ



176. METZNER: DETAIL OF HAUS RHEINGOLD (BERLIN)

177. METZNER: DETAIL OF HAUS RHEINGOLD

178. METZNER: FIGURE FROM HAUS RHEINGOLD

179. METZNER: FIGURE FROM HAUS RHEINGOLD

180. METZNER: DETAIL FROM HAUS RHEINGOLD

181. METZNER: THE ABBESS

182. METZNER: THE EARTH. DETAIL OF FOUNTAIN (REICHENBERG)

183. METZNER: OTTO II

184. METZNER: ENTRANCE TO VÖLKERSCHLACHT MONUMENT

185. METZNER: CRYPT OF VÖLKERSCHLACHT MONUMENT

only a department store, a "Siegel & Cooper's," called the "Haus Tietz" (Figs. 174 and 175), but its design is really notable. Until recently our own architects have seemed possessed of a desire to minimize the height of their lofty structures by stratifying them, cutting their fronts with as many horizontal stripes or ruffles as possible. In the building under consideration the designer has frankly acknowledged its height, and, with a perfectly practicable plan, has developed an effect of soaring which is very happy. Its ranks of graceful piers suggest a great pïpe organ. Its sculptural adornments are not the casual groups and figures that are set upon shelves on our façades, but are, as it were, an efflorescence of its rough stones, sparing in number, but holding the right proportion to its restful surfaces. Like the design as a whole, they are organic, growing out of the very structure itself. Its treatment seems to have been dictated by the stone of which it is made; respecting its material, it is exalted by it.

Such work as this, so new, so independent, and so delightful, recalls the dictum of Mauclair that one should be as concerned in *how* he is going to do a thing as in *what* he is to do; in other words, that the treatment merits no less thought than the subject itself. This is a matter which we Americans have always been disposed to overlook.

Another interesting combination of sculpture and architecture is found in that extraordinary restaurant of Berlin called "Rheingold Haus," where Professor Franz Metzner, another Austrian, has produced a series of

weird and strikingly original effects (Figs. 176–80). He uses the human body as others employ plant forms, conventionalizing the figure, amplifying it, and now and then compressing it into unwonted spaces, but always with a pattern so essentially decorative and a touch so sure that one is compelled to recognize his authority. He is master here, and these are his creatures to obey. Arbitrary and whimsical uses of the figure which might easily lead to extravagances in other hands or in other places seem admirably suited to this pleasure resort, where monstrous heads peer out from shadowy corners, brawny giants uphold the masonry of the walls, and lithe-limbed Rhine maidens gleam through billows of tobacco smoke. Yet with all this prodigality of invention, this bewildering versatility and power, there is no effect of lawlessness, of riotous excess. Bronze and stone and wooden panels are treated according to the demands of the materials and the severe requirements of architecture. The directness and thrift of means here shown, the austerity of design, contribute to a result which is legitimately sculptural.

Professor Metzner was born in 1870 and has been indefatigable. Among his many works one may mention likewise a fountain at Reichenberg, of which we show a detail, the powerful figure called "The Earth" (Fig. 182); a conception of a medieval warrior, "Otto II" (Fig. 183), very striking in its massive simplicity; but most interesting of all is the remarkable head entitled "The Abbess" (Fig. 181), an unusually fine work which any sculptor might wish to have done.

186. METZNER: BUST OF A LADY

187. METZNER: A CHILD

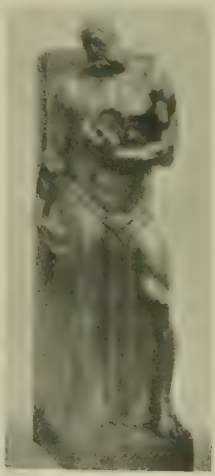
188. METZNER: SORROW BURDENED

189. METZNER: SITTING FEMALE FIGURE

190. METZNER: THE DANCE

191. METZNER: MUSIC

192. METZNER: STELZHAMER MONUMENT



193. METZNER: INDUSTRY

On the outskirts of Leipzig was dedicated in 1912 what is perhaps the biggest and most expensive military memorial in the world. Its very bulk makes it strangely imposing. It is known as the "Völkerschlacht Monument" (Fig. 166) and commemorates German triumphs in the great battle of October, 1813, between Napoleon and the allied forces of Russia, Prussia, and Austria. Our illustrations give some idea of the size and design of this frowning pile. Of it a prominent architect remarked to me in 1913 that it was the most complete embodiment of brute force—of the power and will to crush—that architecture has afforded since the pyramids. "Nowhere else on this earth," said he, "can one find a structure which speaks so harshly, so inexorably, the language of ruthless might." In the light of recent events it must be counted one of the great monuments of the world, so triumphantly does it proclaim what it was intended to express!

The decorative pattern which covers the front is a colossal relief (Fig. 184), compounded of many unfamiliar elements evidently gleaned in oriental fields but harmoniously united and culminating in a giant figure of Saint George. The skyline of the cupola, three hundred feet from the ground, is ringed with twelve warrior figures, massive and unyielding—a superbly appropriate crowning feature. These, like the other enormous sculptures within and without, are by Metzner. Those inside the cavernous depths of the monument are so big and so mysterious that they require an entirely new standard of appreciation (Figs. 170, 171, and 185). You would hardly

call them beautiful, at least not in any familiar sense of the word; but they cannot be overlooked. The writer has seen only the small models from which our photographs were made. The shadowy forms of the full-grown monsters are said to be wonderfully impressive.

It is a strange peculiarity of modern German sculpture that most of the mothers have twins! I suppose it is the decorative balance that the sculptors are seeking, but the result is monotonous and finally stupid. One can imagine how exasperating it must be to the race-suicide inclinations of the French!

On the occasion of a visit to Germany in 1912 the writer desired to meet Professor Metzner and to talk with him of his extraordinary work. His exhibits, however, as then seen in Dresden and elsewhere, made the effort inadvisable, not to say impossible. How can you talk with a man who does things like this "Bust of a Lady" (Fig. 186)? He seems to have fallen under some weird oriental influence, or else his "lady friend" is a most extraordinary creature. The work certainly shows "mass," but all other sculptural qualities have fled.

Another example of the new order where everything seems to be sacrificed to the *massgefühl*, as the Germans call it, is entitled "Sorrow Burdened" (Fig. 188). This so-called "Child" (Fig. 187) is of the same brood and is evidently "born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." It has, however, a durable look, which is a sculptural virtue and prepares it for the worst. A "Seated Woman" (Fig. 189) is yet another of these amazing fantasies with which Metzner entertains himself and his public. In

194. METZNER: THE MOTHER

195. WILFERT, KARL: SENSITIVITY

196. LEHMBRUCK, WILHELM: DETAIL OF KNEELING WOMAN

197. LEHMBRUCK: KNEELING WOMAN

198. WACKERLE, JOSEPH: STONE FIGURES ON HOUSE (BERLIN)

190. EICHLER, THEODOR: PORCELAIN FIGURE

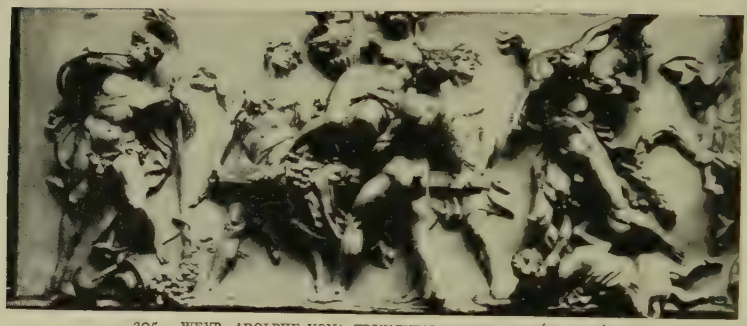
200. WACKERLE: PEASANT WOMAN (PORCELAIN)

201. ELKAN, BENNO: PERSEPHONE

202. HOETGER, BERNHARD: BUST OF FRAU S.

203. HOETGER: LIGHT

204. HOETGER: BUST OF A MAIDEN



205. WEYR, ADOLPHE VON: TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION (VIENNA)

200. LUKSCH-MAKOWSKA, ELMA: RELIEF IN BÜRGER THEATER (VIENNA)

"The Dance" (Fig. 190) we have as absurd an excursion as he has made, although the companion musician (Fig. 191) is sculpturally enough conceived. In the Stelzhamer Memorial (Fig. 192) he becomes sufficiently serious, and the characterization is pronounced, although the giant effigy is strongly suggestive of your Uncle Samuel. Another funereal monument is the Seiler Tomb, which is novel and yet dignified.

If I seem to give undue space to the often grotesque and enigmatic art of Professor Metzner it is for the reason that he is a commanding and a characteristic figure in German sculpture. His once distinctive traits are no longer his alone; half the young sculptors of Germany are trying to imitate him, while he has his choice of the most important commissions. Let us close our review of his work with this latest ideal of his, "The Mother" (Fig. 194). How a man of genius can bring himself to perpetuate such ugliness it is hard to conceive. How his skilled hands can consent to such crudities is inexplicable. Fortunately all have not the same tastes. There is room for every kind of ideal in the world of art. The balance is restored by men like Karl Wilfert, who seems to have no affinity with the "fleshly school." This chaste figure is supposed to exemplify "Sensitivity" (Fig. 195).

Another example of the lengths to which the up-to-date sculptors go is shown in a figure by Lehmbruck (Figs. 196 and 197). It is not lacking in a certain kind of grace suggestive of Gothic decoration—but it is difficult to treat such work seriously even when it reveals,

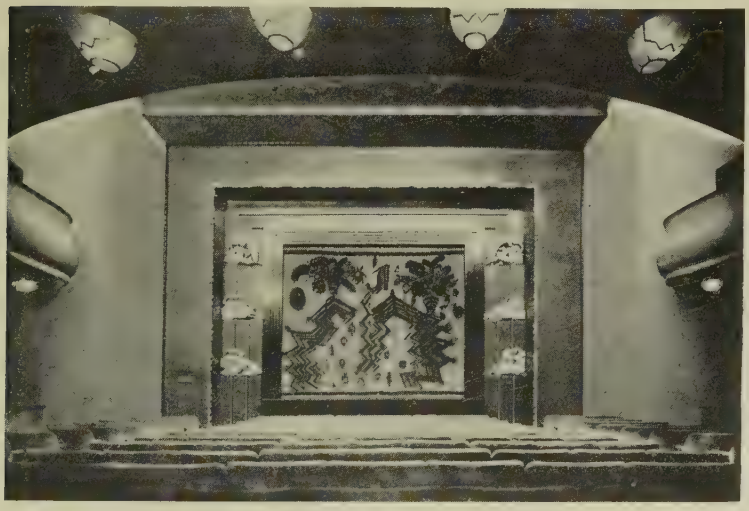
as here, the skill of the trained sculptor. Indeed such perversion of ability makes the crime unpardonable.

A favorite material for architectural decoration is travertine, a porous stone which hardens upon exposure. Composed largely of shells, it offers a worm-eaten surface giving the look of age to the newest creations. Let me introduce to you a happy pair of the archaistic figures which of late have been all the fashion in Germany (Fig. 198). These are by Wackerle, one of their most popular and industrious young sculptors. Many of the new buildings are made interesting by means of startling apparitions of this character. Some of them are fairly abloom with decorously improper nudities—the human form so ingeniously conventionalized that it is out of the question to hold anyone responsible for its behavior! The Æginetan smile of the women and the buttonhole eyes and pneumatic-tire bodies of the cherubs brighten one's pathway on every street. Wackerle sometimes makes frankly grotesque figures, as in the decorations of the "Haus Lustig."

Another work by the same sculptor (Fig. 200) shows the range of his somewhat individual ideals of beauty, as well as the variety of materials used by these clever men. There has recently been a remarkable development of glazed sculpture in Germany and Austria—with results which would astonish the Della Robbias! Needless to say, the courtly traditions of Meissen and Dresden have been conscientiously forgotten by the young sculptors. No more grand-opera shepherdesses for them! Character studies, however, are not the only expression of the

207. SIEBURG, GEORG: DECORATIVE FIGURE FROM MARBLE HOUSE THEATER (BERLIN)

208. SIEBURG: DECORATIVE FIGURE



209. SIEBURG: PROSCENIUM OF MARBLE HOUSE THEATER

210. DAMMAN, HANS: SALOME

211. HALLER, HERMANN: STANDING WOMAN

212. STEMOLAK, KARL: FIGURE ON TOMBSTONE

213. KOWARIK, HUBERT: SALOME

movement. This dancing figure by Theodore Eichler (Fig. 199) gives a hint of the beautiful fancies and charming effects to which the miniature arts of faïence lend themselves. There is no reason why these bits of "crockery" should not show all the essentials of great sculpture. It is only a question of good composition, of dominant line and harmonious light and shade—something just as possible in these little things as in a colossus. Especially in the use of animal and bird forms have many notable successes been attained. As in the wooden bears of Berne, the ultimate seems to have been reached; dexterity and intelligent simplification can scarcely go farther.

Less appealing to our tastes, though appropriately reminiscent of the "land of porcelain," are certain fantasies by a very prolific sculptor of Darmstadt, Bernhard Hoetger. "Avarice" is pictured as a strangely contorted creature, while a very genial grotesque personifies "Light" (Fig. 203)—so we are assured, although a superficial glance would pronounce the figure anything but "light." The pages of *Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration* unfold an endless series of works by this happy and seemingly irresponsible artist. Indeed a whole book has been written about him, with illustrations of scores of his quaint fancies, many of which seem to be of a distinctly Gothic inspiration (Figs. 202 and 204). It is hard to realize that this astonishing chameleon of sculpture should have lived for ten years in Paris. He considers himself greatly beholden to Rodin and Maillol; one questions whether they would recognize their influence in his art.

Of another character is the tinted figure "Persephone" by Benno Elkan (Fig. 201), first modeled for bronze but later elaborated in marble and other materials. It points to notable possibilities in decorative sculpture. If only we could do more enthusiastic and audacious experimenting in this line, what interesting results might be reached in the beautifying of homes!

Nothing could more vividly mark the changes of a half-century in public taste than a comparison of the decorations of two theaters in Vienna. In Figure 205 we have an example of Viennese art of the middle nineteenth century. This florid frieze is a work of amazing virtuosity, but today it seems as absurd as the contemporaneous chignons and crinolines. A recent frieze in ceramic by the sculptor Luksch-Makowska offers a notable contrast (Fig. 206). It is architectural in conception and keeps its place with a severe decorum undreamed of by designers a generation back. Feuerhahn has given us likewise some admirable work on the same lines —or should one say "planes"? Even simplification may be pushed too far, however; George Sieburg's decorations for the Marble Theater in Berlin (Figs. 207, 208, and 209) look as if made of creased tin or washboard material. Undoubtedly effective in their spotting, since grateful blank spaces are left between them, they are not of interest as sculpture. Maybe they are part of the white man's burden: examples of perverted oriental art. Let us call them "symptomatic"—having to do with what was the matter with Germany!

214. ELKAN: STONE OF LAMENTATION AT WICKRATH

215. ELKAN: PORTRAIT HEAD

216. ELKAN: CROUCHING WOMAN

217. HANAK, ANTON: LIFTING

218. HANAK: AUSTRIA

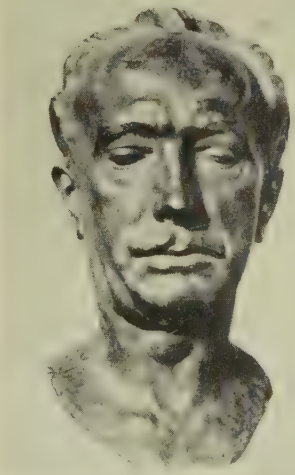
219. HANAK: PARTING

220. HANAK: CHILD FIGURE

221. HANAK: ETERNITY

222. LEDERER: WRESTLER

223. HANAK: HEAD



224. LEDERER: PORTRAIT OF RICHARD STRAUSS

225. HABICH, LUDWIG: PORTAL FIGURE (DARMSTADT)

226. HABICH: PORTAL FIGURE

227. HAHN, HERMANN: GOETHE (LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO)

228. HAHN: MOLTKE MEMORIAL (BREMEN)

A rather absent-minded lady by Hermann Haller (Fig. 211) is of the race which now embellishes all gardens and villas of the new Germany. It is this particular rendering which is the vogue, and "no other need apply." At first one finds it crude and disquieting; it seems so summary, so neglected. But it has one great quality; it is at the antipodes of realism. You feel the stone in the work, and presently—in the products of the better men—you discover a sapient simplification, a suggestiveness that is refreshing. Take, for instance, the "Salome" by Kowarik (Fig. 213)—how truly sculptural is the treatment, how austerely reticent even while it offers all of the essentials of the theme! Another "Salome" most decoratively conceived is by Hans Damman, of Berlin (Fig. 210). I have never seen anything else from his hand, but hope to.

You will find no less admirable this tombstone (Fig. 212) by Karl Stemolak. The anatomy has been simplified and reduced to its lowest terms, but it is there and is wonderfully "right"—an epitome of the human figure admirably expressed in the legitimate language of sculpture.

A very strange and yet appealing work is the "Stone of Lamentation" at Wickrath (Rhine Province) (Fig. 214), a monument by Benno Elkan, whose "Persephone" has already been mentioned. It is a large block surrounded by mourning figures in various postures of grief; not extravagant in pose but spiritually related to the groups on Bartholomé's great work in Père Lachaise. It would not be an inappropriate motif for a colossal

"Chapelle Expiatoire," to be erected some day by a nation which has brought to the world as well as to itself more unnecessary sorrow and suffering than was ever known before.

As has already been suggested, even so admirable a quality as simplification may be overdone. To reduce a figure to the shape of a brickbat or a half-used bar of soap may seem thrillingly original to the sculptor, but it asks too much of the good will of the observer. There are scores of men in Germany and Austria who come as near this as they dare. Hanak, for instance, a sculptor of Vienna, who is revered in *Die Kunst* and other magazines as though he were a second Phidias, turns out formless dummies like those shown in the group which he calls "Austria" (Fig. 218). Perhaps it was a correct representation; if so, it helps to explain recent occurrences, and our pity is awakened.

A large room was devoted to this modern master in the Dresden exhibition of 1912, and nothing in it was further developed than these giant sketches of action variously labeled "Lifting" (Fig. 217), "Parting" (Fig. 219), etc. The figures are not badly proportioned and seem well started, but they are only begun, and one asks why they are cast and exposed before they have been studied. A head like this monster (Fig. 223) is not interesting from any point of view. It has not even the interest of good construction; it is merely mussy. There is something weird and extraordinary in the composition which the sculptor calls "Das Kind über dem Alltag" (Fig. 220). One has no idea what it is all about, but it

229. GAUL, AUGUST: BOY ON DONKEY

230. BEHN, FRITZ: ANTELOPE

231. GAUL: AN EAGLE

232. GAUL: LION

233. LANGER, RICHARD: SHEPHERD BOY

234. HALLER: STANDING GIRL

235. GEORGII, THEODOR: ENTOMBMENT

does fix itself in memory! A more impressive work is the seated figure called "Eternity" (Fig. 221), a type which seems to be a great favorite just now with the Teutons; but Hanak has shown one great oversight: he has forgotten the twins!

While in Berlin it was my privilege to visit the studio of Lederer, the sculptor of the great Bismarck Memorial at Hamburg. We found him engaged upon a figure so like the one just mentioned that it might well be the same, but in this case the babies were not overlooked. They were exactly alike in feature and pose. What it was supposed to symbolize I have long since forgotten. Herr Lederer showed us also a vigorous "Wrestler" (Fig. 222) just completed, and a very able portrait of Richard Strauss, a bust of most convincing worth (Fig. 224).

Altogether I feel that this quiet, modest little man is one of the great sculptors of our time. His Krupp Memorial at Essen is a work of much distinction; its ironworkers are particularly noteworthy, while its felicitous combination of sculpture and architecture merits respectful study. Lederer has concentrated his great skill once again upon a representation of Bismarck (Fig. 165). In this successful competitive model for a proposed statue at Bingen he conceived an amazing presentment of the founder and guardian of the German Empire. Even in the small model the figure has the effect of colossal size.

Ludwig Habich, a native of Darmstadt, modeled in 1901 the two handsome figures (Figs. 225 and 226) which decorated the portal of the first exhibition held by the

artist colony of that city. He has never surpassed this work of his youth.

Another maker of monuments is Hermann Hahn, of Munich, whose Goethe Memorial in Chicago (Fig. 227) has caused so much discussion. A more assured success is his equestrian "Moltke" in Bremen (Fig. 228). Attached to an ancient church wall, where it seems to have grown centuries ago, it is an example of architectural fitness.

I find no sculptor of animals in Germany quite equal to August Gaul. His "Boy on Donkey" (Fig. 229) gives abundant evidence of his craftsmanship, but more original and personal are his "Penguin Fountain," his conventionalized "Eagle" (Fig. 231), and his admirably drawn archaic "Lion" (Fig. 232). In this connection one cannot overlook the skilfully arbitrary renderings of animal life by Fritz Behn, of Munich (Fig. 230.)

As might be expected, the Germans practice wood-carving more enthusiastically than do the French. Their exhibitions are always abundantly supplied with works in "Birnbaum" and similar woods. Here, for instance, we have a strangely passive young girl carved by Hermann Haller (Fig. 234). A "Madonna" and a "Shepherd Boy" (Fig. 233) by Richard Langer show an almost medieval character, while Franz Barwig's "Wanderers" are appropriately set forth with an irreducible minimum of effort! Some work in hammered copper for distant effects, two tinny saints by Professor Lüksch, of the Hamburg Kunstgewerbe, attracted my attention. A head, the "Song of Labor," by the same artist was striking in its simplicity of modeling.

236. KOLBE, GEORG:
STANDING GIRL

237. KOLBE: DANCER

238. KOLBE:
GARDEN FIGURE

239. KOLBE: THE AWAKENING

240. SEGER, ERNST: SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL

241. LANGE, ARTHUR: HALF-FIGURE OF A GIRL

242. MISSFELDT, HEINRICH: AFTER THE BATH

243. LIMBURG, JOSEF: THE LORELEI

244. AICHELE, PAUL: SLEEP

245. BRÜTT, ADOLF: THE NIGHT

246. KRIKAWA, KARL: FRUITFULNESS

Lingering amid the technical phases of the sculptor's art, let me pay my respects to that master marble-cutter, Theodor Georgii, of Munich. His "Entombment" (Fig. 235) has in it much of the great inspiration of the Renaissance, while his "Figure with a Net," carved without preliminary study directly in the stone, is a marvel. Georgii is also a recognized leader in animal sculpture. His small bronzes are worthy of the highest praise.

I have reserved until now one of the most conspicuous of the younger men. His name is Georg Kolbe, and you will find his slender, sinuous figures in every German exhibition and pictured in every magazine (Figs. 236–39). Kolbe was an illustrator and painter before he turned to sculpture, and his work always shows gratifying draftsmanship. The female half-figure and her kneeling companion, "The Awakening," cut in sandstone for garden decorations are particularly attractive.

Arthur Lange, of Dresden, has produced charming figures of the same sort. It is hard to believe that a certain dainty torso (Fig. 241) is from the same hand that produced the brutal "Fountain of Strength," a group of massive athletes of such exaggerated bulk that they quite overdo their part.

Yet another of these fine half-figures is by Ernst Seger (Fig. 240) and was among the choicest things which I saw in a show of current works in Berlin. Our photograph was taken in a severely cutting light which makes the details seem rather insistent. In the softened light of the hall this was toned down without being formless; the lovely body seemed to float in an atmosphere of its own.

A "Lorelei" (Fig. 243) by Josef Limburg had much the same charm. Limburg is—or was—a very young man, but he had already attained a remarkable craftsmanship when he modeled this figure. Despite its slender grace it is essentially sculptural in every respect. Even the narrow support has its distinct value in the composition.

There is less of this subtlety in the figure "After the Bath" (Fig. 242) by Missfeldt, but the technique is essentially that of stone and most satisfactory. The group called "Night" (Fig. 245) by Adolf Brütt is one of the recent successes, while a companion theme, "Sleep," by Paul Aichele (Fig. 244) is distinctly traceable to the "Danaïde" by Rodin. Indeed Rodin's influence is seen in almost every one of these later sculptures.

But such refinements are tame compared with the great bulk of architectural decoration. To succeed in Germany today one must produce things of a very different kind. Here is the ideal in its perfection. I offer you "Fruitfulness" by Karl Krikawa (Fig. 246); in balance, in babies, in detail, in expression, this is absolutely the desire of all Deutschland!

I look at these paroxysms and strivings for originality, and turning back to a certain bit of carved wood, sweet with the fragrance of forgotten centuries, I ask the "Virgin of Nuremburg" if we are really making any progress!

IV

RECENT SCULPTURE IN VARIOUS LANDS

Whatever the scientists may conclude regarding spontaneous generation in animal life, there is no such phenomenon in the history of art. Whistler affirmed that genius "happened," but the artistic sequence is as unbroken as the story of Genesis: "Abraham begat Isaac; Isaac begat Jacob"; and so on down to Disraeli and Zangwill—or for that matter to the dingy Father Time who drives the junk wagon in the alley. In the lineage of art every manifestation is distinctly traceable to a definite ancestor. To break the line is to cause an irreparable loss. The world-war was not fated to end the story. Unprecedented as was its destruction, alike of art treasures and of their creators, much remains to build upon, while certain nations realize as perhaps never before that it is their artistic industries alone which will save them from ultimate bankruptcy.

The sequence has, however, sustained a violent shock, if not a new alignment. Never in ages have European painting and sculpture been brought to so complete a standstill. Like those impressive moments when in honor of some dead official a whole railway system is held for a brief period in suspense, such for four long years was the paralysis of all Continental studios. Today the world gasps and takes breath, but what is to be recorded in the new chapter no man knows.

Henri Taine, that wise old thinker, once summed up his philosophy of art in a memorable proposition:

"L'œuvre d'art est déterminée par un ensemble qui est l'état general de l'esprit et des mœurs environnantes." Walter Pater echoes the idea: "The various peoples are subject to the general limitations of their life and thought; they can but work outward what is within them." Grosse amplifies it: "If we study the moral temperature more closely, we shall find three elements by the co-operation of which it originates—the race, the climate, and the period; or the sum of the cultural products already present."

The sum of the cultural products of modern Europe offers indeed a bewildering array. Arbitrary boundaries of adjacent countries frequently separate the most vivid contrasts. The expression of thought in outward form is as varied as racial types—as inevitable as fate. Pater in a notable sentence writes of "Necessity . . . . a magic web woven through and through like that magnetic system of which science speaks, penetrating us with a network, subtler than our subtlest nerves, yet bearing in it the central forces of the world." From Iceland to Tarentum we may seek and find these products of the irrepressible creative impulse, the eternal urge. The brief space at our disposal admits of but few examples.

Many years ago the writer began a lecture as follows:

"One approaches the subject of English sculpture with a certain diffidence. Unlike Greece or Italy or France, the British Isles have never been known as a cradle of sculpture and have never produced a great

247. GILBERT, ALFRED: QUEEN VICTORIA (WINCHESTER)

248. GILBERT: ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

249. GILBERT: VIRGIN. TOMB OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE (WINDSOR)

250. GILBERT: ST. MICHAEL. TOMB OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE (WINDSOR)

251. THORNYCROFT, HAMO: DEAN COLET MEMORIAL (LONDON)

252. DRURY, ALFRED: RICHARD HOOKER

253. DRURY: DETAIL OF DOOR OF VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

254. DRURY: AGE OF INNOCENCE

master of the chisel. Nevertheless, England has shown occasional sporadic works of considerable interest. Some of her painters, like Lord Leighton, were undoubtedly sculptors at heart, and ability is by no means rare. There is a form of artistic atavism, however, to which, sooner or later, her sculptors almost inevitably succumb. No matter how great the promise and the originality, they all come in time to work in the same way.

"Henry James observes somewhere that 'if the English ever succeed in art, it will be by virtue of their love for overcoming difficulties.' Industry counts; they delight in taking pains, and too often their sculpture reveals little else."

Thus speaks arrogant youth! A little sympathetic intercourse with the sculptors of Great Britain, an increased familiarity with recent work, results in a more appreciative judgment. At the beginning of the Great War certain studios of London would have shown as notable sculpture as one was likely to find in progress anywhere upon the Continent. Really beautiful things were being produced, while the increasing number of intelligent and cultivated men who were seriously devoting themselves to the masculine art promised much for its future.

One whose ideal of sculpture is embodied in figures released from the obdurate stone finds no small part of this interesting output weakened by curious combinations of materials and by insistence upon ornamental detail. Beautiful results are possible in such unions, as even modern art has shown; but all too frequently the central

idea is lost in the clamorous appeal of many jarring elements.

Even their own writers have found it necessary to warn young English sculptors "not to be led away by the dainty and fanciful, however alluring," nor by "the devotion to metal-working, enameling and the like, and the free introduction of these accessories into serious sculptural work." Mr. Spielman, from whom I quote, continues: "Irresistible in the hands of a great artist like Alfred Gilbert, such work, at all times attractive, is the goldsmith's and ironsmith's business rather than the sculptor's."

While so gracious to Mr. Gilbert, the critic is in reality naming the chief culprit. Gilbert is indeed "a great artist" and a sculptor of brilliant gifts, but of late his ideals seem to have become curiously perverted. In the old Parisian schooldays we used to hear much of "Geelbert," a young Englishman who had just left the Beaux-Arts and whose "Icarus" was eulogized by the French comrades as being as good as they could do themselves! Later Alfred Gilbert became one of the prominent figures in English art. His various public monuments, like the statue of Queen Victoria at Winchester (Fig. 247), were of unusual excellence and have given him a great reputation.

A strange peculiarity, however, revealed itself early in his work, one which threatens to rob it of value. It may be that at some time Gilbert visited Verona and had been impressed by the ancient tombs of the Scala family. There, or somewhere at any rate, he became fascinated

255. MACKENNAL, BERTRAM: TRAGEDY ENVELOPING COMEDY

256. COLTON, ROBERT: THE CROWN OF LOVE

257. TOFT, ALBERT: THE BATHER

258. BROCK, SIR THOMAS: DETAIL, "TRUTH"; QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL

259. FRAMPTON, SIR GEORGE: PETER PAN

260. FRAMPTON: BERNARDO MEMORIAL

261. BAYES, GILBERT: AT THE CREST OF THE HILL

262. BAYES: A KNIGHT ON HIS WAR HORSE

with wrought-iron effects. They appear first as two innocent little sprays of volutes above the head of the Queen in the Winchester memorial, but speedily develop into a veritable jungle of thorn apples and *chevaux-de-frises* which seem intended to confuse and belittle the essentially monumental features of his designs. Then the malady attacked the statues themselves. His "Saint Michael" (Fig. 250) on the tomb of the Duke of Clarence at Windsor studies with helpless gaze an incredibly complicated sword—a sort of Aaron's rod that budded—while the saint's armor is so overwrought that it fairly peels off from the figure, giving the limbs the look of shagbark hickories. A statuette of the Virgin (Fig. 249) is stifled under vines and blossoms, through which its original beauty peeps out to tantalize us. The sad culmination is reached in his group of "Saint George and the Dragon" (Fig. 248), where the actors have become almost indistinguishable in the general mix-up. The result is a comic-supplement dog fight—a pinwheel effect of broken lines.

If we sculptors could but learn that the most precious asset of our art is its hint of eternity! The truly great works have an air of serene permanence, the result of mass and simple contour. Destined to "live," they smilingly bear in their very structure the guaranty of their immortality.

One does not look to the older men for "new tendencies." Of Thomas Brock's dignified memorial to Queen Victoria it is not necessary to speak (Fig. 258). It shows no new impulse but represents the patient, unenthusiastic toil of a capable sculptor. That an

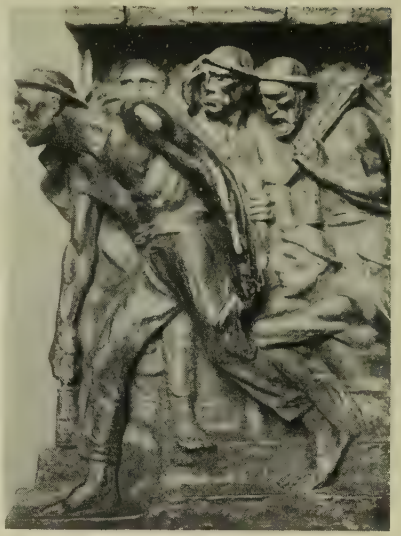
official work of such size is adequate and not an eyesore is perhaps sufficient credit to its author.

Thornycroft never quite fulfilled the promise of his "Mower" and his "Teucer," although he has done much sturdy work. I like particularly his Dean Colet Memorial in St. Paul's (Fig. 251).

Alfred Drury has been indefatigable in countless groups, reliefs, and figures. Suave and plastic, they are often very charming, especially his children (Fig. 254). One always recognizes them by a slight congenital strabismus—a regrettable little weakness which could be so easily cured. A doorway at South Kensington (Fig. 253) is rich with beauty, one of Mr. Drury's most sustained efforts, but even more notable is his seated statue of an old-time theologian, Richard Hooker (Fig. 252). We have here a remarkable characterization, clearly conceived and firmly carried out.

Bertram MacKennal was too good a sculptor to be allowed to prolong his brilliant début. "Circe" and "The Seats of the Mighty" revealed an imagination and a virtuosity rare in England, and these endowments were at once put in harness. A long series of war memorials and official works have followed, more and more conforming to the prevalent taste. It is not without a struggle, however, that the brilliant Australian has allowed himself to become a popular English sculptor. Every now and then his fancy asserts itself and we have such expression as "Truth" (1905), "Diana Wounded," "Earth and the Elements," and the striking group, "Tragedy Enveloping Comedy" (1909) (Fig. 255),

263. MEUNIER, CONSTANTIN: DOCKHAND



264. MEUNIER: MINERS

265. MEUNIER: THE IRONWORKER

266. ROUSSEAU, VICTOR: ADOLESCENTS

267. VAN BIESBROECK, J.: GRIEF

268. VAN BIESBROECK: THE PEOPLE MOURN

wherein much well-handled drapery plays an unusual part.

Colton's "Crown of Love" (Fig. 256) has always given me a feeling of mingled admiration and amusement. The thought is pleasant, but the sculptor has taken much trouble to obscure it. Here is excellent modeling but a design most deliberately involved! One prefers "The Girdle," by the same artist, where there is no thought at all.

Frampton's point of view is essentially monumental, yet in the Peter Pan fantasy (Fig. 259) he allowed himself to become whimsical and picturesque, to the great delight of the children of South Kensington. I like him better in his novel "Dr. Bernardo Memorial" (Fig. 260), his statuette, "La Belle Dame sans Merci," and, especially, those strange archaic lions which he has made for the new wing of the British Museum.

One of the most interesting of England's younger sculptors is Gilbert Bayes. His crouching "Greek Dancer" (1905) with a hoop was probably suggested by Goscome John's roguish "Elf" rather than by the frieze of the Parthenon, but it has an indescribable charm. His particular joy, however, is in the use of the horse as a motif (Figs. 261 and 262). In this field he has to his credit many notable triumphs of skill. His groups and reliefs abound in ingenious decorative effects and are charged with energy.

Among other recent works of British sculptors which have especially attracted me are two groups of almost lyric beauty, "Love and the Vestal" and "The Coming of

Spring" by S. Nicholson Babb, who, we are told, was long the assistant of Thomas Brock; various figures, allegoric and decorative, by Albert Toft (Fig. 257); certain charming reliefs by Ernest G. Gillick and, from the same artist, a successfully architectural yet poetic figure of "Sympathy" on a monument to "Ouida"; a suavely modeled group "Kephalos and Prokris" by Benjamin Clemens; and finally a most interesting composition of contrasting figures in "The Magdalenes" by Richard Garbe, a sculptor whose usual expression is in terms of almost brutal strength, but who here gives us a work of extreme delicacy. Nor are we yet at the end, for upon turning the pages of *Academy Architecture* I find another of my favorites, the dignified "Memorial to James Adam" for Emmanual College, Cambridge, by Mr. Gillick, above mentioned. A Grecian maiden in straight, almost archaic drapery holds horizontally before her with both hands a wreath. She stands upon a formal pedestal, and her background is a pier of slight projection across the top of which runs a small frieze with figures of the Muses in low relief. So simple and beautiful is the conception and so perfectly realized that it makes one desirous of knowing its author.

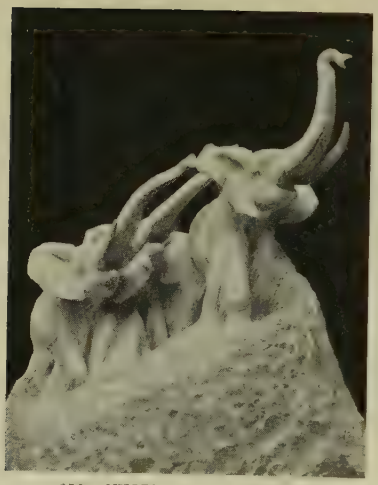
Quite other is my reaction toward the crudities of Epstein, which seem nevertheless to have considerable vogue in London. Their virility is not to be denied; there are always some who like their meat raw!

Undoubtedly the greatest figure in recent European sculpture outside of France was the frail little Belgian, Constantin Meunier (1831–1910). His contribution was

269. MINNE, GEORGE: THE BRICKLAYFR

270. MINNE: VOLDER MONUMENT

271. MINNE: PROJECT FOR A FOUNTAIN



272. MILLES, CARL: ELEPHANTS

273. MILLES: PREHISTORIC MONSTERS

274. MILLES: PORTRAIT OF OSCAR LEVERTIN

275. MILLES: GIRLS DANCING

practically finished before the period which these notes are supposed to cover, but the creator of the "Ironworker" (Fig. 265) and the "Dockhand" (Fig. 263) must be recognized as one of the powerful influences still shaping the course of modern sculpture. The analogy of his art to that of Millet has often been remarked—the sympathy for the laborer which reveals itself through an almost Hellenic simplicity of treatment. No sculptor was ever less sensational in method, yet no modern is more widely known. Meunier's fame is built upon the securest of foundations.

It is interesting to find that another Belgian, J. Van Biesbroeck, of Ghent, has also glorified labor in several impressive works, notably "Grief" (Fig. 267) and "The People Mourn," of the Luxembourg (Fig. 268). Belgium has many gifted sculptors and a very great variety of expression. Contrast, for instance, the violent, Rubens-like ideals of the late Jef Lambeaux with the austere yet friendly art of Pierre Braecke; or compare the graceful "Adolescents" (Fig. 266) and "Sisters of Illusion" of Victor Rousseau with the reticent and almost haggard creations of Georg Minne, whose primitive "Bricklayer" (Fig. 269) and lean fountain (Fig. 271) and enigmatic memorial to Volders (Fig. 270) are sufficiently strange to make them conspicuous even in these days of unusual manifestations. Their stark sincerity has brought them many friends.

In Denmark the great name for a half-century was that of Stephen Sinding, a Norwegian by birth. "A Man and a Woman" and "The Captive Mother" of his youth are almost classics. Unfortunately his was an inspiration

which did not last; his later works like the "Valkyrie" and "Mother Earth" are not so good, while the two decorative groups which he contributed to the Sherman Memorial in Washington, D.C., are deplorably dry and thin.

Norway and Sweden have their gifted sculptors, some of whom are exceedingly up to date in their experiments. Of particular interest have been the vivacious studies of Carl Eldh (Figs. 276 and 277) and the varied expression of Carl Milles, whose apprenticeship with Frémiet equipped him to cope with all subjects, from heads of poets to prehistoric monsters (Figs. 272–75). Certain marble elephants of his are very monumental, while his wide-winged eagles have a power akin to that of Liljefors' vibrant paintings.

Prince Troubetzkoy's impressionistic works, once so refreshingly novel, are now familiar and to be found in every collection (Figs. 278 and 279). Much we owe to this indefatigable toiler for "loosening up" the methods of modern sculpture. Whether his sketchy treatment is appropriate for monumental art is more than doubtful, but in his small bronzes Troubetzkoy has won a notable supremacy. His style was mature when he began and is unchanged in thirty years.

Another welcome contribution comes to us from the troubled Northland in the masterly characterizations of Naoum Aronson (Figs. 280–87). This gifted Hebrew has been called "the individualist among modern Russian sculptors." From the time when at the age of fourteen he disclosed his talent by making a plaster model of his native village, Kreslava, in northwest Russia, he has

276. ELDH, CARL: KARL NORDSTROM

277. ELDH: MONUMENT TO SWEDISH POET WONNERBERG

278. TROUBETZKOV, PRINCE PAUL: LITTLE GIRL AND DOG

279. TROUBETZKOV: PORTRAIT OF SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

280. ARONSON, NAOUM: GROUP

281. ARONSON: DESPAIR

282. ARONSON: AN OLD MAN

283. ARONSON: YOUNG GIRL

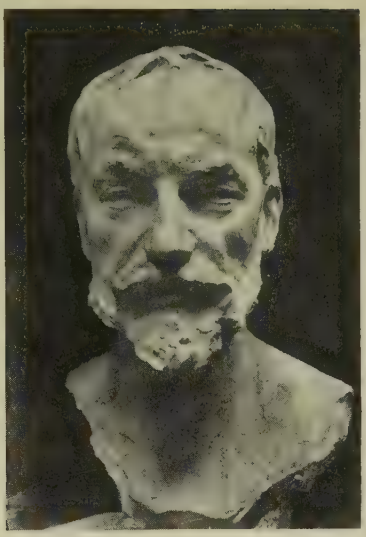
consecrated his every waking hour to the study of nature. Led by some mysterious instinct, he early found his way to Paris, where he joined the great army of foreigners who know no other home. A visit to his studios in a court off the Rue Vaugirard leaves a feeling akin to awe. The place is unpretentious, and there are no large and imposing works to startle one, but as the successive rooms reveal their close-packed treasures the impression grows of a life of complete and unfaltering devotion to art. The result of all these peaceful, busy years is an amazing aggregation of heads and small figures, produced with a virtuosity which is almost without parallel even in Paris, the home of sculptural wonders. The poor Russian peasant had within him an endowment beyond price, exceptional even in this gathering-place of the gifted. Dominating those dexterous fingers of his is an intelligence keenly alive to the sculptural possibilities of life. Aronson is infatuated with the eternal procession of men, women, and children who pass in the street. Especially children. With what tender comprehension has this childless man recorded the appeal of infancy, of budding youth, of perplexed adolescence! Gentle and low-voiced, his conversation soon discloses the wide range of his sympathies. Certain of his interpretations are very powerful; his men are as sternly virile as his children are supple. Occasionally he strikes a note of great poignancy. But he is not satisfied; underneath his smiling exterior is the wistfulness of a man without a country. In the midst of all these daily interests he seems to lack and to long for a deeper underlying purpose. The message of Mestrovic is not his. I

said goodbye to him with a profound impression of the greatness of his talent and likewise of his disappointment. His kindly melancholy haunts me.

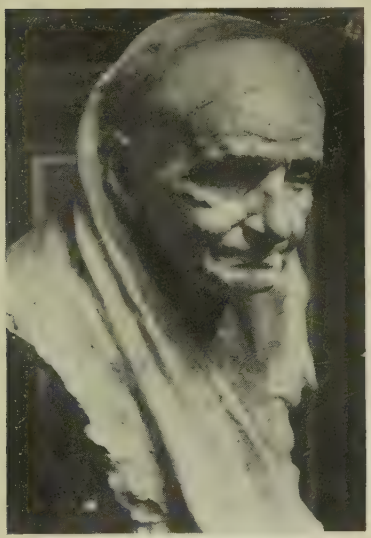
Most of us think of modern Italian sculpture as hopeless beyond redemption. We recall the plastic jokes, the brazen indecencies, the chiseled vulgarities of our world's fairs—those patient carvings garlanded with the cards of hundreds of purchasers; we shudder at memories of the Campo Santo of Genoa and of recent monuments all over Italy, and we dismiss the subject. At the Columbian Exposition the only interesting work in the Italian section was made by a Russian whose mother was an American, and at the next fair Prince Troubetzkoy did not exhibit. Biondi's "Saturnalia" (Fig. 288) epitomized cruelly, but not unjustly, the trend of contemporaneous sculpture in Italy, with all its misplaced effort and its incredible, not to say fiendish, dexterity.

A propos of this work and its author we have to record a most surprising conversion. Although "The Saturnalia" was modeled in the last years of the nineteenth century, it must be introduced here to mark the contrast. I quote from something which I wrote in 1901: "Medals of honor were given at the Exposition of 1900 to Bazzaro, Biondi, and Gemito, whose works vie with one another in cleverness if not in elevation of thought. Among Biondi's picturesque little genre groups shown in the Columbian Exposition was 'The Spree,' which represented three peasants in compact but unsteady progress, all evidently shouting the Italian version of 'We won't go home until morning.' This miserable little subject the

284. ARONSON: PETITE BRETONNE



285. ARONSON: PORTRAIT



286. ARONSON: OLD SILESIAN WOMAN

287. ARONSON: L'AURORE

288. BIONDI, ERNESTO: THE SATURNALIA

289. BIONDI: LES RECLUSES MISÉRABLES

sculptor has since developed with wonderful skill into the extraordinary group 'The Saturnalia,' which attracted more attention than any other sculpture at the Paris Exposition of 1900 and was awarded a medal of honor. The term 'group' is a courtesy here, because in reality the composition is a string of nine life-size figures supposed to be parading the streets of ancient Rome. Six of these old-time revelers, arm in arm, advance in an irregular line; a handsome Roman of the decadence, on one side his wife and boy, on the other a harlot, a soldier, and a slave. These have been joined in their wanderings by three drunken priests, one of whom offers some gallantry to the beautiful young matron. She beams an appreciative smile, but her husband flashes a look of indignant protest. The priests are hideous creatures with the small heads of degenerates and beastly faces. Two of them support each other; the third, with enormous Falstaffian paunch, has slipped to the pavement, where he sits in idiotic bliss and helplessness. The whole work was realistic to the minutest details of costume and anatomy. The hands harmonized with the figures and were astonishingly modeled, especially the flabby extremities of those unspeakable priests. It is no wonder that the crowds gathered; for, if the group were real, 'stuffed' Romans, it could not have been more true to nature, nor less in keeping with the principles of good sculpture. It was the art of the Musée Grévin and Mme Tussaud's carried to the last degree of perfection and translated into bronze. Its methods and its subject were in perfect accord. This disgustingly facile performance seemed to

the writer like a kind of 'wake' over the corpse of a once noble national art which produced the 'Augustus' and later the 'Saint George' and the 'Moses'; which has long been dead but which men refuse to bury."

The preceding paragraph written so long ago holds good today; "The Saturnalia" has not grown any more fragrant with the passing of the years. One is happy, however, to record that its author has had an astonishing change of heart. Consider his remarkable group exhibited under the French title "Les Recluses Misérables" (Fig. 289). Its pathos is equaled only by its sculptural reserve. It is not a realistic study but an interpretation, a translation into the legitimate language of art. The compulsory prayers of these unhappy ones may be of doubtful sincerity, but at sight of the group I almost shouted, "Another soul is saved!" Such a conversion is quite unprecedented in the history of art. May Biondi hold to the new faith.

They do such astonishingly picturesque things over there! Some of their military monuments show the entire army in bronze pursuing the enemy around great pedestals from which the gigantic commander threatens to plunge his horse. In 1910 Alfonso Canciani made his contribution to the Dante celebration in the form of a striking glimpse of "Dante in Hell." Dante stands very straight and monumental on an enormous shapeless boulder. All around and apparently oozing from underneath this rock are tortured human maggots writhing themselves into ghastly garlands. It is a genial idea; how it would have gratified the vengeful old poet!

290. BISTOLFI, LEONARDO: RESURRECTION

291. BISTOLFI: THE SPHINX

292. BISTOLFI: DETAIL OF MONUMENT TO SENATOR ORSINI (GENOA)

293. BISTOLFI: THE BEAUTY OF DEATH TOMB OF SEBASTIANO GRANDIS

294. BISTOLFI: THE SPIRIT OF THE SNOWY ALPS
SEGANTINI MONUMENT

295. BISTOLFI: GARIBALDI MONUMENT (SAN REMO)

Another conception which loudly proclaims the vitality of Latin art is a memorial to Garibaldi completed in 1915 by the young sculptor, Eugenio Baroni. It consists of a massive bronze group rising directly, without architecture, from the Rock of Quarto near Genoa. The hero is shown standing almost nude and looking toward the sea's horizon. A figure of Victory makes a crown of her uplifted arms behind his head. Comrades of mighty physiques are at his side and behind him, so arranged that the mass is given the shape of the prow of a vessel of which Garibaldi forms the figurehead. The thought is grandiose; the small illustrations which have reached us give the impression of a truly great work.

It is a joy indeed to find that there are some real sculptors, after all, in the Italy of today, men of high ideals and artistic conscience. The great danger with even these is a kind of malaria which surrounds them, an atmosphere of perilous facility which finds expression in the florid and intricate. The majority of Italian carvers seem unable to withhold the hand, but must embroider and accentuate until every square inch of surface is tormented with a perfect eczema of detail.

One who upon occasion escapes this malady is Signor Leonardo Bistolfi, of Turin, a great artist who has been called "the sculptor-poet of Death." His relief, "Memories," and other funereal works (Figs. 290–96) are exquisite in suggestion. Now and then he falls from grace and elaborates the marble to destruction, as in the monument to Sebastiano Grandis (Fig. 293); but in his "Christ in the Wilderness," his "Garibaldi" (Fig. 295),

and his nude figure, "The Spirit of the Snowy Alps" (Fig. 294), erected at St. Moritz in memory of his painter friend, Segantini, he divests himself entirely of the things which are petty, rising to a height that few moderns ever attain.

A recent work by Bistolfi surpasses all his previous achievements. This is the majestic composition, "The Offering" (Fig. 296), which he has contributed to the Victor Emanuel monument in Rome. The national memorial is very imposing and nobly crowns the ancient city, but it must be admitted that its abundant sculpture is mediocre and disappointing. There is one notable exception, and this is Bistolfi's group. Its elevation of sentiment is felt by all, while in matter of composition and of monumental compactness—from one view at least —it must rank among the finest works of modern times. Were it not for a weaker side I would say without hesitation that it is, all in all, the greatest achievement of the period embraced in this chronicle. It has that weaker side, but even taking this into consideration what have we to rank above it?

Until a few years ago it was taken for granted that Spanish art was at least moribund—that the glorious heritage of Velasquez had proven too heavy a burden to bear —when suddenly out of hopeless decay appeared the youthful vigor and wholesome unconcern for tradition of Sorolla. A little later came Zuloaga, an even more mystifying personality. And there are others to follow. We have had no similar revelation of Spanish sculpture, but the magazines offer occasional glimpses of works of great

296. BISTOLFI: THE OFFERING

297. QUÉROL, AUGUSTIN: MONUMENT TO QUEVEDO (MADRID)

298. QUÉROL: STUDY FOR MONUMENT TO ALPHONSE XII

299. QUÉROL: TOMB OF CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO

originality and enviable competence. Quérol, who died in 1909, produced an enormous amount of sculpture, much of it flamboyant and distressingly ornate (Figs. 297–99), but sometimes of monumental inspiration, restrained and really admirable. Such is his statue of Francesco de Quevedo (Fig. 297). There are several clever men in Madrid today with skill enough for a whole Renaissance if they could but learn to omit from their compositions a large part of the accessories with which they delight in cluttering them. Miguel Blay, a one-time pupil of Chapu, has simpler tastes and has produced some good monuments, sincere, at least, if not highly inspired.

The one sculptor, however, worthy to be associated with the great Spanish painters of today is José Clara (Figs. 300 and 301). His decidedly personal expression is always interesting, and now and then, as in his "Seated Figure" (Fig. 301), it becomes almost titanic. This giant body was very conspicuous in the Salon of 1919. Much larger than life, it was equally big in handling. The novelty of its primitive pose revealed an unusually inventive mind, while its construction, its powerful mass, and its able modeling caused it to dominate the entire exhibit. The weak little studies around it seemed fairly to shrivel up by contrast; the momentary suggestion, at least, was of a fragment from Michelangelo amid a sea of bric-à-brac.

In 1913 the autumn Salon made a retrospective exhibition of the works of a Swiss sculptor, Niederhausern-Rodo, a native of Berne, who had died a few months previously at the age of fifty. The most notable figure

shown was a massive "Jeremiah" with the technique of a snow man but a tragic intensity which was applauded in these words by Rodin: "I am very happy to say how true a sculptor Rodo was, and the end of his loving study of art was this masterpiece of Jeremiah. This is completely beautiful and will remain a fine example for us all." Rodo, as he was generally called, was an intimate friend of Paul Verlaine and is said to have "devoted fifteen years of his life to creating a monument to his idol and to the even more difficult task of securing a site for it in the Luxembourg Gardens and of collecting the funds necessary for its erection." The strange head upon a shaft adorned with impressionistic reliefs has a most striking effect and is a memorial to the sculptor as well as the poet.

There is a sculptor named Nicolas Ligeti who lives in Budapest, or did before the day of doom came to those lands. For years I have wished to meet that man and to know more of him. All that I have ever seen of his work is a figure of a warrior, four times repeated as a decoration upon the front of the ephemeral Hungarian Building at the Exposition of 1911 in Turin (Figs. 302–4). This structure was so effective and the figures so thoroughly monumental that I have always regretted my lack of information regarding them. I do not mind confessing that a large solar print of these great stony forms, which were doubtless in reality made of staff, has given me as much pleasure as any modern work upon my walls. They represent my ideal of impressive architectural sculpture.

300. CLARA, JOSÉ: TWILIGHT

301. CLARA: SEATED NUDE FIGURE

302. HUNGARIAN PAVILION
(TURIN EXPOSITION)

303. ENTRANCE, HUNGARIAN PAVILION
(TURIN EXPOSITION)

304. LIGETI, NICOLAS: FIGURES OF SOLDIERS
(TURIN EXPOSITION)

Within that same striking building were other works of sculpture of great interest. One in particular by Geza Maroti, a memorial to a certain George Rath, of Budapest, has the mass and permanence of a great stone which has been made charming with rhythmic design of singular purity. Across the wide ocean and the wider sea of prejudice and misunderstanding I send my grateful greetings to these two sculptors whose art language is not alien.

Yes, and to still another, one Jan Stursa, of Prague. Like the men of Budapest, I know him only through his work as shown in the magazines (Figs. 305–10), but I have thought of him frequently during the war and hoped that he was safe. I judge from his subjects that he was young, and I fear he is dead. You will smile at my enthusiasm when you see the pictures, but I repeat unabashed that these little sculptural interpretations of familiar gestures, these records of daily emotions, have given me a world of pleasure. I would not exchange the clear-cut memories of them which I carry in my ambulant collection of favorites for scores of more pretentious and costly works, whatever the signatures they might bear. The short cycle may begin with "Playmates" (Fig. 305); then follows the "Morning Hour" (Fig. 306), a delightful little bunch of a figure where the artist shows his pet with her head in a basin of water. "A Girl Combing Her Hair" next records her progress (Fig. 307); perhaps she suddenly remembers her prayers—at any rate we have a "Kneeling Girl" (Fig. 308). By this time she has a right to be weary of

posing and we have a "Melancholy Girl" (Fig. 309). I hope that Jan Stursa still lives and still watches that girl with delight!

In 1911, when these *Recent Tendencies* were begun in the form of fugitive notes on current works, I wrote as follows of a new sculptor of Southern Europe whose strange art had just come into notice:

"Of Professor Metzner's remarkable pupil, that untamed young Dalmatian, Ivan Mestrovic, one scarcely knows how to speak (Figs. 311–18). This prodigy of twenty-three seems to be obsessed by the creative impulse and toils furiously to give expression to his teeming fancies. He keeps artistic Europe wondering what he will do next. One might say of him, as was said of Balzac, 'He is not a man, but one of the forces of Nature.' His output gives one this feeling not only because of its prodigal abundance, but by reason of its contrasts. He produces with equal zest beauty and bestiality. These swarming children of his are often weird beyond description, but they are treated in a big, elemental way. 'Treated' is hardly the word; they have no look of submission to treatment but seem to have evolved themselves out of the rock, like the children of Deucalion and Pyrrha. Some still struggle and clamor for release. They strain their giant limbs and frown like demons. Yet others have the serenity of the ages on their placid brows.

"The handsome youth who has called them into existence, he of the dark mane and the flashing eyes, is pronounced by Rodin to be the most extraordinary of

305. STURSA, JAN: PLAYMATES

306. STURSA: MORNING HOUR

307. STURSA: GIRL COMBING HER HAIR

308. STURSA: KNEELING GIRL

309. STURSA: MELANCHOLY GIRL

310. STURSA: MEMORIAL

living sculptors. One can understand the sympathy: Mestrovic's creations seem to have passed through Rodin's 'Gates of Hell.'"

Today the name of Mestrovic is widely known in America and England as well as Continental Europe. His homeland has been ravaged by war; his kinsmen scattered and massacred. His art, always distinctly racial, has come to symbolize the national aspirations of a brave but long-time subjugated people. The dream of the young Slav has been accepted as the outward and visible expression in the universal language of sculpture of the soul of a mighty tribal brotherhood: ". . . . the man and his work are thoroughly imbued with the spirit which animates the younger generation of Jugoslavs. Indeed he combined to a remarkable degree an intimate sympathy with historic tradition and primitive feeling, and the keenest possible interest in the present-day fortunes of his race. To him there is only one reality today, and that is the national ideal of unity."

Born in 1883 in a shepherd home of Dalmatia, Mestrovic revealed his talent at an early age by carving weird figures in wood. During this period almost the only literary influence coming into his life was that of the ballads of his people and the Slavonic liturgy unchanged for a thousand years. It is not strange that his ideals were the mighty legendary heroes of his race and the archaic art of his church. "His inspiration was the noble and vivid folk-song of his country, and something of the starkness and grandeur and terrible silhouettes of the wild hills seems to remain in his work." Good fortune

brought him first to a marble-yard in Spalato and soon after to the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna, where he made astonishing progress. At the age of nineteen he exhibited with the "Secession," continuing to do so until 1907, when he went to Paris. It was in 1911, however, that his work attracted world-wide attention through his exhibit in the Serbian Building at the Exposition in Rome. This remarkable display was described as "Fragments of the Temple of Kosovo"—the name of the battlefield where the Serbs finally succumbed in 1389 to the might of their Turkish adversaries. The chief features of this strange building designed by a sculptor were naturally its sculptural decoration.

I did not see the "Temple"; let us listen to one who did: "You entered a loggia formed of mourning caryatides, down which a sphinx, human save in the wings, stared watchfully and expectantly. Looking between the figures of the loggia, you saw groups of widows whose mourning and hopelessness were expressed in gestures with a primitive directness and force that came as a shock to the visitors. The loggia led to a small, domed hall, in which was a gigantic statue of the hero Marko Kraljevic, the Serbian Siegfried, on his snorting horse. Round the walls in tall panels were torsos of Turks, and above was a rhythmic frieze of mingled figures of Serbs and Turks fighting. On either side of the hall were arched gateways, and inside the arches were grotesque heads of Turks set in panels, two deep all the way round. You descended steps supported by crouching figures that symbolized the Serbs in captivity—gaunt, worn men

311. MESTROVIC, IVAN: TWO WIDOWS. FRAGMENT FOR TEMPLE OF FALLEN HEROES

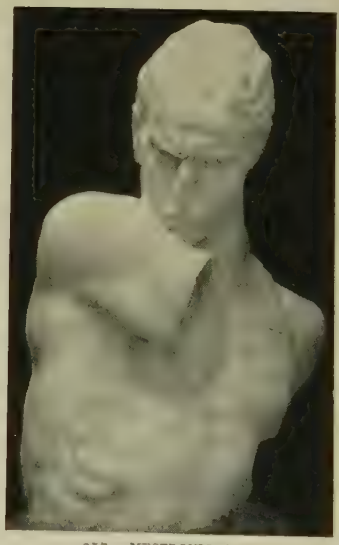
312. MESTROVIC: MEMORY

313. MESTROVIC: A WIDOW

314. MESTROVIC: MARCO

315. MESTROVIC: HEAD OF A HERO

316. MESTROVIC: MOTHER AND CHILD



317. MESTROVIC: HERO

318. MESTROVIC: THE SCULPTOR'S MOTHER

with beards, their hands, palm downward, extended flat, a sign of subjection and insufferable strain. There was an extraordinary fury and purpose in every part of this strange building that moved one like the sight of blood or the call of trumpets."

Whether or no you appreciate these rugged children of the dragon's teeth and those who mourn their untimely passing, whether your eclecticism can look with pleasure upon the religious art of Mestrovic so frankly traditional and legitimately Byzantine, I feel no hesitation in affirming that my every auditor, my every reader, will recognize the sculptural power of this great portrait of the artist's mother (Fig. 318). To me there is nothing more moving in modern sculpture.

One of the great privileges of a recent visit to France was a happy acquaintance with this miracle-working craftsman. He is one of the most fortunate of men—an artist with something to say!

Looking back on this wealth of talent, this wonderful diversity of methods, I am reminded of words recently read in an essay by Remy de Gourmont: "A new force in literature, in art, in politics, in morals, never arises from within an ethnic group. Each group once formed and individualized is bound to a uniform production or, at least, to one systematized in fixed varieties. The race, the soil, the climate, determine the particular nature of its activities and productions and limit their diversity. Man has the faculty of change, but he cannot change spontaneously—there is always necessary a leaven external to the lump. . . . . Psychical exchange among

peoples is as necessary to the reinvigoration of each people as social intercourse is to the exaltation of individual energy."

With steam and air and electricity ready to do our errands, distant shores come ever nearer. We are not only the heirs of the ages but the beneficiaries of every artistic endeavor of every land. With such examples and such incentives how can we Americans neglect our great opportunity? If we merely borrow, our art will be as grotesque as a naked African chief under a silk hat. But thoughtful study of the work of our brothers of afar will bring appreciation, inspiration, and a vast widening of horizons.

V

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

At the time of the Centennial Exposition, in 1876, William Wetmore Story was generally recognized as America's most eminent sculptor. When, in 1881, the "Admiral Farragut" of Augustus Saint-Gaudens was unveiled in Madison Square, New York City, the work of a new leader was discovered; this foreign and unfamiliar name was henceforth to head the list. And at the next European exposition the works of Story were declined with thanks! Such were the mutations of American art which Saint-Gaudens saw in his lifetime and for which he was in a great measure responsible. Many of our best critics rate him not only our greatest sculptor but the greatest of American artists, and all concede the inestimable value of his guidance in a time of very great need.

There can be nothing more logical in this world than the life of an individual. Each step or incident is the direct result of the influences which preceded. The difficulty in predicting anything of anyone in particular is the fact that so large a portion of these influences must ever remain unknown. Even to the subject himself are they unknown; a vast, mysterious, and overpowering x enters into all of his calculations. We are aware that the French are an artistic people and that the Irish are imaginative and emotional; but who could have prophesied sixty or seventy years ago that the union of a poor

French shoemaker and a humble Irishwoman would produce America's most eminent sculptor? The formula once known, it is, of course, easy to obtain the result, and the committees on eugenics will doubtless take notice; but it is very certain that those bewildered immigrants of 1848 little dreamed the value of their contribution to this country when they landed with their ~~two-year~~ six month-old child.

He grew up on the streets of New York City, playing, fighting, and receiving impressions like any other active boy. At the age of thirteen he was told that he must get to work, and it was his good fortune—and ours—that he was apprenticed to a stone-cameo cutter. It was a blessing in complete disguise, for the master was irascible and harsh. At the end of three years the boy left in anger, to fare better, however, in another shop where the pedaling and the carving were to continue for yet another period of three years. At nineteen he sailed for France. He had learned his trade thoroughly, and constant practice in the evening classes of Cooper Union and the Academy of Design had completed an equipment such as no earlier American student had taken abroad with him. At the age when the average educated man begins his special studies this youth was already well grounded in drawing and a master of low relief—a master in the sense in which no belated beginner ever becomes a master, for with him it was both mental and physical mastery.

An entertaining work, *The Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens*, although an autobiography only in part, has been very happily supplemented by his son and

brings us much closer to the great single-minded artist than many were privileged to come during his lifetime. One feels that Saint-Gaudens, while not a fluent writer, was a sincere one; and these fragmentary records of his daily interests are vastly appealing.

The strongest impression that comes to one in reading these volumes is of the immense activity of the man's life and of his splendid citizenship. He seems to have been seized early with the conviction that, however fine a thing it may be to be an artist, it is a vastly finer thing to be an artist-citizen. Probably he never formulated a confession of faith; but there was within him a generous impulse, an innate sense of the responsibilities as well as of the power of art, which pointed the way to a continual expansion of his interests and sympathies.

Opportunity was his in abundance, and his associates were men of affairs and broad outlook. Given such an environment and such an equipment, it was inevitable that, almost in spite of himself, this retiring and ever-modest man should be marked from the first to become a national figure. One can imagine another, possibly quite as perfect a craftsman, with a horizon precisely bounded by his studio walls, with interests limited to the piece of work upon his modeling-stand. This could hardly be the case, however, with a man who has endeavored to teach. Saint-Gaudens' sympathy with struggling beginners, with the efforts of his ardent and ofttimes bewildered pupils, was the logical preparation for larger fields of usefulness. He directed for many years the sculpture classes of the Art Students' League, and

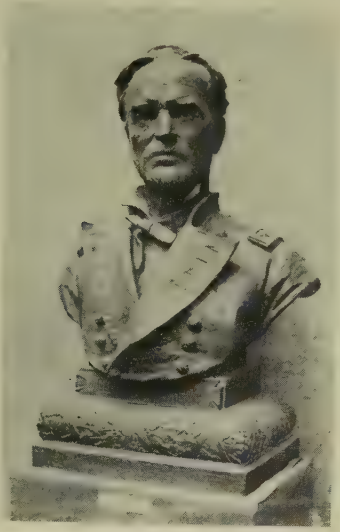
no teacher ever had more loyal and appreciative disciples. His earliest public effort seems to have been in connection with the founding of the American Society of Artists, a secession from the National Academy of Design. This strong organization fulfilled its purpose and then amicably returned to the parent body.

We still have lively memories of the master's inestimable service as counselor in the planning of the Columbian Exposition; the splendid MacMonnies fountain, the monumental "Republic," and the imposing peristyle were among his suggestions. Later, even in illness, Saint-Gaudens took an active share in the work of the important National Art Commission in Washington; and, finally, in the founding of the American Academy in Rome, we have repeated glimpses of his glowing enthusiasm and high endeavor. Indeed, so strongly did this notable enterprise appeal to him that he overcame on one occasion his almost invincible terror of speaking in public and made an address for the cause at a great dinner in Washington. It is safe to say that no hope of personal gain could ever have persuaded him to attempt this. Obviously such service cannot be bought or recompensed. In all of his noble ardors Saint-Gaudens exemplified Thoreau's brave words: "An efficient and valuable man does what he can whether the community pay him for it or not."

One of our up-to-date—and therefore irreverent—young critics has recently observed that if there were no more passion in real life than is to be found in Mr. Howells' characters, then there are some eighty or ninety millions of us who would not be here at all! Something

SAINT-GAUDENS II

319. PORTRAIT BUST OF SAINT-GAUDENS' FATHER



320. PORTRAIT BUST OF GENERAL SHERMAN

321. SILENCE
(MASONIC TEMPLE, NEW YORK)

322. HIAWATHA* (SARATOGA, N.Y.)

* Photograph copyrighted by de W. C. Ward.

323. RELIEF OF CHILDREN OF PRESCOTT HALL BUTLER

324. ADORATION OF THE CROSS

325. RELIEF OF MRS. STANFORD WHITE*

* Photograph copyrighted by de W. C. Ward.

of the same feeling is aroused in reading Saint-Gaudens' chronicle of his work. One protests that surely there must have been more emotion than this behind those magnificent achievements. Is it possible that masterpieces which speak to us so convincingly, which thrill us over and over again, have had no passionate conception, no tender development, in the soul of the artist? This is unbelievable. Is it not more likely that Saint-Gaudens' reticence upon the subject is rather a frank acknowledgment of an emotion too profound and too sacred to share with all? There is no pose in the attitude of the artist-author. He does not disclaim the deep feeling which must have given birth to the Lincoln, the Shaw, and the Adams memorials; he simply refuses to talk about it to the curious crowd. A man who could labor upon a work like the Shaw relief for fourteen years, fairly loving it into noble perfection, has a right to leave the result to time and to the work itself. Yet how we wish that we could penetrate the silent past and see the master in the midst of his vision, or hear his glad cry of exultation over a hard-fought triumph! One such joyous shout the book preserves for us, where Saint-Gaudens, engaged upon his "Sherman," writes playfully to his niece: "I think I told you that my 'Victory' is getting on well. It is the grandest 'Victory' anybody ever made. Hoorah! and I shall have the model done in a month or so." A studio resounds from time to time with many a happy hurrah, but they are not often recorded.

His son speaks words of truth in his summing up: "Yet when all is written, the best biography of my father

remains to be found in his art; for if work ever typified the man, his did. 'Strength with elegance,' refinement of ideals, a single devotedness towards clarifying the sculpture of his land—all this he stamped into his bronze."

Saint-Gaudens' first work of which we have trace is a bronze bust of his father—Bernard Paul Ernest Saint-Gaudens (Fig. 319)—done in 1867, when the sculptor was nineteen. This was followed by a figure of "Hiawatha" (Fig. 322), made in Rome in 1871, and now in Saratoga, New York. "Silence" (Fig. 321), for a Masonic Temple in New York City, was also modeled and carved in Rome in 1874. The same year saw the accomplishment of a fine bust of William M. Evarts.

It was in 1878, however, that the sculptor began to reveal his personal gifts of originality and skill. This was in a composition of many figures of adoring angels executed in collaboration with John LaFarge, a relief for St. Thomas' Church in New York City (Fig. 324). This lovely work was later destroyed by fire, but the artist's ideal of unearthly angel forms had been quickened and never left him. His "Angels" (Fig. 333) for the Morgan Tomb at Hartford were also lost; however, the type reappears in the caryatids of the Vanderbilt mantel and reaches its exquisite perfection in the "Amor Caritas" (Fig. 334) of the Luxembourg.

Many medallions of friends done from this time on testify to the cunning which he had early developed in the rare art of low relief. Of these one of the first was the portrait of Bastien-Lepage (Fig. 329), modeled in Paris in 1880. Especial favorites are the delightful

"Children of Prescott Hall Butler," of 1881 (Fig. 323); an appealing portrait of Homer Saint-Gaudens as a baby, 1882 (Fig. 327); one in marble of Mrs. Stanford White, 1884 (Fig. 325); the circular medallion of Robert Louis Stevenson, made in 1887 (Fig. 344); and the children of Jacob H. Schiff, 1888 (Fig. 328). There are literally scores of others no less admirable in workmanship extending from the portrait of George Maynard in 1877 to the designs for the ten-dollar and twenty-dollar gold pieces of 1907 (Fig. 343), which were among his last efforts. Every year of Saint-Gaudens' life produced its harvest of medals and plaques, each with some new rich charm, a triumphant solution of a new problem. Probably no sculptor not a professional medalist has made so many important low reliefs. In variety and novelty they approach the output of the indefatigable David d'Angers. In popularizing this intimate, "livable" form of sculpture he made one of his greatest contributions to American art. None of his predecessors had recognized the possibilities of low relief; he revealed them and shared with a score of eager pupils both his enthusiasm and his experience. Nearly every one of our leading medalists is of his household, either of the first or second generation; the excellence of their work is known to all.

The year 1876 brought Saint-Gaudens his first great opportunity in the form of a commission for a statue of Admiral Farragut (Fig. 331). He went to Paris to execute the work, which was done with much deliberation. The bronze was shown in the Salon of 1880 and soon afterward brought to New York. On the afternoon

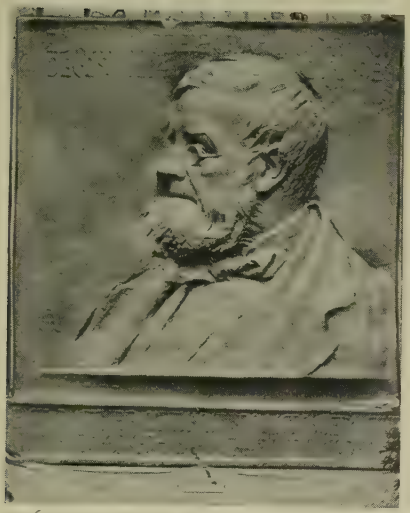
of a beautiful day in May, 1881, the "Farragut," erected upon its admirably designed exedra, was unveiled in Madison Square and made public property. From that time Saint-Gaudens held securely the leadership of American sculpture. Yes, from that day our national art has been colored by his dominant influence.

I like Kenyon Cox's description of the "Farragut": "There is no cold conventionalism, neither is there any romanticism or melodrama, but a penetrating imagination which has got at the heart of the man and given him to us 'in his habit as he lived,' cool, ready, determined, standing firmly, feet apart, upon his swaying deck, a sailor, a gentleman, and a hero."

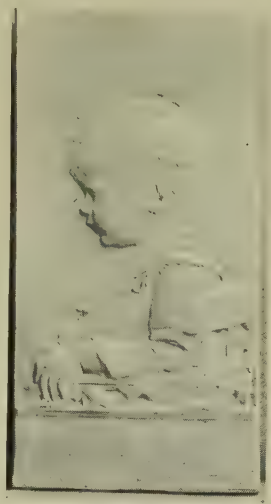
Such perfection of workmanship was a novelty and a revelation to America. Here were all the plastic "color" and fluency of modern French handling within a severely simple contour. The two qualities are indispensable to great sculpture, and in this figure they are happily combined. Saint-Gaudens never did a finer piece of work.

In 1885 the sculptor's notable high-relief of Dr. Henry Bellows (Fig. 336) made more widely known his ability in portraiture and particularly his unique decorative sense. In this remarkable work he seems to establish more firmly than ever his relationship with the fascinating Florentines of the fifteenth century.

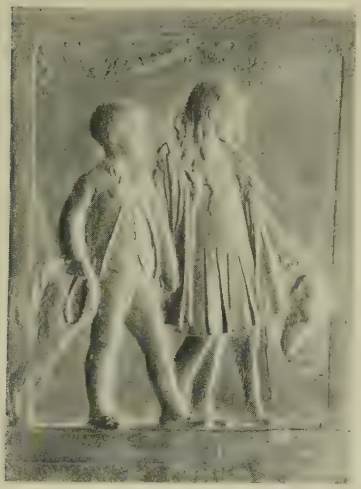
The year 1887 was marked by a great event, not only in the life of the sculptor but in the history of American art. It was in that year that the "Abraham Lincoln" (Fig. 330) was unveiled in Lincoln Park, Chicago. This



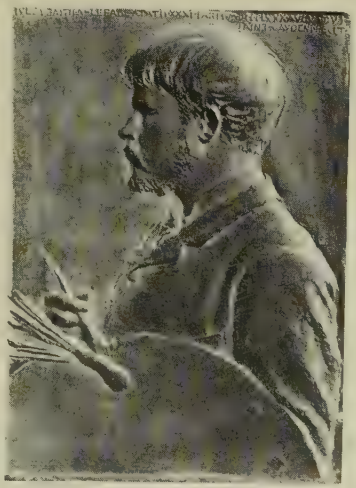
326. RELIEF OF EDWIN HUBBELL CHAPIN, D.D.



327. RELIEF OF HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS*



328. RELIEF OF CHILDREN OF JACOB SCHIFF



329. RELIEF OF BASTIEN-LEPAGE*

* Photograph copyrighted by de W. C. Ward.

330. LINCOLN MONUMENT (LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO)

product of profound study and unwearying experiment instantly justified all of the toil which the master had lavished upon it. In regard to its reception I may be permitted to quote a paragraph or two from my *History of American Sculpture:*

"The 'Lincoln' was at once hailed as the greatest portrait in the United States. It has remained so. From its exalted conception of the man to the last detail of its simple accessories it is a masterpiece. The sculptor's idea was a novel one, which may have been suggested by Mr. Volk's 'Lincoln' at Springfield, Illinois. He introduces the striking adjunct of a large chair, from which the President is supposed to have risen. Before it stands the gaunt figure with bowed head, as though lost in thought, or preparing to address a multitude. The left foot is well advanced; the left hand grasps the lapel of the coat in a familiar gesture. The right is behind the back, affording an agreeable but inconspicuous counterbalance to the droop of the head. It has been pointed out that the bent left arm gives interest to the lengthy front and at the same time suggests an arrested movement of the hand to the brow, thus reinforcing the idea of concentration of mind.

"But it is the expression of that strange, almost grotesquely plain, yet beautiful face, crowned with tumbled locks, which arrests and holds the gaze. In it is revealed the massive but many-sided personality of Lincoln with a concreteness and a serene adequacy which has discredited all other attempts and, indeed, with the 'Admiral Farragut,' has 'brought about a new scale of

values' in our portrait art. It has been Saint-Gaudens' rare talent to give life without realism, to offer us 'a suggestion of reality shrouded in poetry and grace.' For even this gnarled form has a grace all its own—the 'inward grace' which a profound master has apprehended and made visible."

I remember what a surprise that empty chair gave us. It was so daring—so strange! One had only to imagine it eliminated, however, to realize promptly how essential it was in the composition. Seen from a distance the figure without it would show but a meager and attenuated mass. Reinforced by this accessory the silhouette becomes ample, monumental. One approaches near enough to study detail, to read the expression, and the chair seems to disappear; it has served its purpose and now falls discreetly out of focus. It is one of the most ingenious devices of modern monumental art. All such considerations are forgotten, however, when one comes under the spell of the noble presentment. The bowed head and the broad shoulders—that combination of tenderness and strength which is the greatest thing possible in art, as indeed it is in life—are the introduction to a completeness of expression appealing to every heart. Royal Cortissoz has well summed up the power of our greatest sculptor when he says: "It is not simply that each one of the monuments has certain specific artistic merits, lifting it to a high plane. It is rather that in every one of his studies of historical subjects, Saint-Gaudens has somehow struck the one definitive note, has made his Lincoln or his Sherman a type which the

generations must revere and which no future statues can invalidate."

The beautiful "Amor Caritas" (Fig. 334) dates from the same year as the "Lincoln." The two offer contrasts which emphasize the wide horizon of Saint-Gaudens' imagination. This gracious presence is one phase of that vision of angel forms which, beginning in the early relief for St. Thomas' Church, followed the sculptor like a haunting melody throughout his life. A copy in bronze in the Luxembourg Gallery holds its own amid the prodigal display of French skill. More than one critic has pronounced it the most distinguished piece of sculpture in the collection.

It was an extraordinary year in Saint-Gaudens' fruitful life. Not only these two great works but a third, hardly less famous and quite as original, appeared at this time. The "Deacon Chapin" (Fig. 340), of Springfield, Massachusetts, is a statue of a Puritan worthy who died centuries ago leaving no record of his features. The artist worked back from the face and figure of a descendant, but was free to do about as he pleased. Kenyon Cox gives us a happy characterization of this vivid work:

"In the same line of what we may call ideal portraiture is the 'Deacon Chapin,' which is perhaps the finest embodiment of Puritanism in our art. Surely those old searchers for a liberty of conscience that should not include the liberty to differ from themselves could not fail to recognize in this swift-striding, stern-looking old man, clasping his Bible as Moses clasped the tables of

the law and holding his peaceful walking-stick with as firm a grip as the handle of a sword—surely they could not fail to recognize in him a man after their own hearts. But he is not merely a Puritan of the Puritans, he is a man also, a rough-hewn piece of humanity enough, with plenty of the old Adam about him; and one feels that so and not otherwise must some veritable old Puritan deacon have looked."

In connection with this figure it may be noted that it was Saint-Gaudens' unvarying habit of mind to view his work as a whole. The sculpture was its culmination but always had an organic relation to the completed design. Further, and this is the particular point, the structure was always planned to enhance and protect the statue—to leave no unheroic view exposed to unsympathetic gaze. In the case of the "Deacon Chapin" the figure carries its own protection; the voluminous cloak makes an effective background and creates rich shadows to set forth the sturdy form. Even here, however, Saint-Gaudens arranged a picturesque backing of evergreens which with the unique low pedestal provides an unusually attractive setting.

In Rock Creek Cemetery, near Washington, is one of Saint-Gaudens' most beautiful works, the Adams Memorial (Figs. 332 and 339). Hidden away within an inclosure of evergreens as in a lovely shrine, one discovers the bronze figure whose deeply shadowed mystic countenance photographs itself upon the memory of every visitor. Shrouded in long-lined drapery sits the weird dreamer with listless hands, like one of the fateful sisters of old,

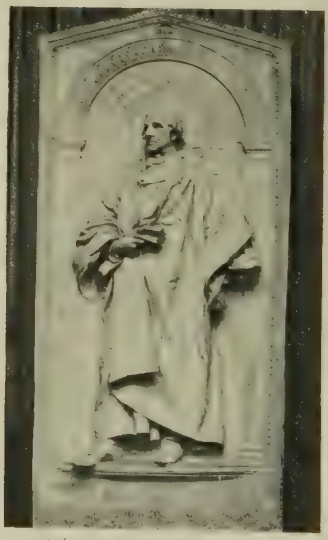
331. FARRAGUT MONUMENT (NEW YORK CITY)

332. ADAMS MEMORIAL (WASHINGTON)

333. ANGELS FOR MORGAN TOMB

334. AMOR CARITAS

335. DR. MC COSH MEMORIAL (PRINCETON UNIVERSITY)



336. DR. BELLOWS MEMORIAL (NEW YORK CITY)

or a sibyl, peering, though with closed eyes, into futurity. This figure alone would make an artist's fame. But no youthful modeler could have created it; such conceptions are born of the profoundest thoughts of a mature life.

The statue has been called variously "Grief" and "Death" and sometimes, more fitly, "The Peace of God." It is a memorial to a Mrs. Adams,[1] a woman who lived and died—and the monument says no more. Indeed not even that, since it bears no inscription of any kind. For once even the delicate lettering in which Saint-Gaudens delighted is omitted as superfluous. The memorial speaks a language of its own, which leaps directly to the soul and requires no halting translation into sounds articulate.

The development of this monument is one of the most interesting incidents in the story of Saint-Gaudens' life. His *Autobiography* contains sketches for three different projects. One is a seated figure of Socrates. The others point more nearly the way toward the final work. That the sculptor had some intention of suggesting the mysteries of Nirvana is revealed by his playful promise to show his patron "the result of Michelangelo, Buddha, and Saint-Gaudens." What he accomplished belongs to no one but himself and, like all great sculpture, is incapable of translation into words.

The Adams Memorial was completed in 1891. The next two years required a considerable sacrifice of time for the Columbian Exposition. As general sculptural

[1] The wife of Henry Adams, whose autobiography, *The Education of Henry Adams*, has been read with so much interest.

adviser and in the designing of the medals Saint-Gaudens made generous contribution. His visits to Chicago were periods of unusual quickening. His relations with Mr. Burnham and other leaders were almost brotherly, and these men never ceased to acknowledge the inspiration which came from his thoughtful study of the new and vast problems offered by the enterprise. Some of his suggestions have already been enumerated. The exquisite sculpture of the Agricultural Building from the skilful hand of his pupil, Philip Martiny, was produced under his direct guidance. The collaboration resulted in the most beautiful decorative sculpture that America has seen.

Meantime the long work on the Shaw Memorial (Fig. 337) continued; this extraordinary group was in progress some fourteen years and is considered by many the greatest and most original of all of the sculptor's achievements. I remember that at the Exposition of 1900, when Saint-Gaudens received a Medal of Honor, M. Boutet de Monvel, after pointing out certain admirable views of the "General Sherman," brought me back to the Shaw Memorial and said that there, however, was the most distinctly American work in all of our notable exhibit.

Boston possesses this masterpiece and is justly proud of it. It is a large relief of bronze, framed in stone, a composition of many figures in high relief, or indeed almost in the round, though attached to a background. Colonel Shaw is represented as starting for the war with his colored regiment. With head square upon the shoulders and sad eyes unflinching, the heroic leader goes steadily

to his fate. His horse is a splendid sculptural work, but ever dominated by the stern-faced rider. Then behind and across the entire background march with rhythmic tread the black men, their muskets over shoulders which bend under the burdensome knapsacks. They are equipped for a long journey from which not many will return. The movement of this vast composition is extraordinary. You can almost hear the roll of the drums and the shuffle of the heavy shoes. It makes the day of that brave departure very real again.

We are fortunate in finding preserved for us in the *Autobiography* not only an account of the development of this remarkable work but reproductions of sketches showing Saint-Gaudens' changing inspiration. "It was not the actual execution of the Shaw Memorial that took the time but the thinking about it." It was planned from the first to show the rider with troops in the background, but all were originally in much lower relief and were almost finished more than once in various arrangements. It was through indefatigable study and constant elimination that the perfected work came into existence. No American sculptor has ever seemed so conscious of the inexorable permanency of his art: the clay is his own; to eternity belongs the bronze!

It will be remembered that much of Saint-Gaudens' early art education was obtained in the free evening drawing classes of Cooper Institute. Many years later it was his privilege to express in visible form (Fig. 341) the gratitude which he felt for the man who had thus opened to him and thousands of others the door of opportunity.

Let me quote once more from that same history of mine, at some length too, because the paragraph contains a statement which applies to all of Saint-Gaudens' work and which should be emphasized:

"Like an uncrowned king or an ancient prophet sits Peter Cooper in bronze, before the building which is his monument, the Cooper Institute in New York City. Here, as always, the sculptor has done something more than to place an effigy upon a pedestal, like a man caught up from the crowded street and forced into momentary, unwilling prominence. He not only makes his subject worthy of our homage through his dignified generalization, but he enhances this dignity many fold by its surroundings. One does not 'happen upon' this statue of the great philanthropist; one approaches it and is conscious of the approach. In its classic niche, with a background and adjuncts of admirably proportioned architecture, the figure becomes more than human; it is a monumental apparition, a veritable presence, majestic in its kindly serenity."

In 1888 Saint-Gaudens modeled from life a bust of General Sherman (Fig. 320), one of the most vivid things ever made, a head that startles one who unexpectedly encounters it on its pedestal in the Pennsylvania Academy. "The chin is aggressive, the tight mouth defiant, the nose enquiring, the eye like an eagle's; the beard is short and stubbly, the hair writhes and twists with very virility." Out of this study grew one of the sculptor's last and greatest works, the equestrian "General Sherman" (Fig. 338) of Central Park, New York. Thanks to his knowledge of his subject, Saint-Gaudens was able to

337. SHAW MEMORIAL (BOSTON)

338. SHERMAN MEMORIAL (NEW YORK CITY)

339. DETAIL OF ADAMS MEMORIAL

340. DEACON SAMUEL CHAPIN, OR "THE PURITAN" (SPRINGFIELD, MASS.)

341. COOPER MEMORIAL (NEW YORK CITY)

342. BROOKS MEMORIAL (BOSTON)

present the rugged warrior with convincing faithfulness of portraiture. Further, he accomplished a well-nigh impossible thing: he put into the statue a feeling of movement—permeating the whole beautiful composition with "a single impulse of irresistible advance." Beyond all this, and most wonderful of all, he has successfully united a very precise rendering of an individual with a poetic abstraction. The "Victory" is obviously a spirit presence; the most ethereal of all sculptured figures, she seems to me. In her we have another precious glimpse of that haunting ideal of Saint-Gaudens which first revealed itself in his angel choir and which had reached its hitherto highest expression in the "Amor Caritas." Not only does she seem here in nowise incongruous, but by some magic the artist has made her so integral a part of the composition that her presence pervades and colors the whole. She is beautiful and complete by herself, but one cannot think of the "General Sherman" as complete either in line or sentiment without this glorious "Victory" which leads on and ever on to triumphs ever new, but under her guidance inevitable. It was of these great works of Saint-Gaudens that Richard Watson Gilder wrote:

"Once, lo! these shapes were not, now do they live,
And shall forever in the hearts of men;
And from their life new life shall spring again,
To souls unborn new light and joy to give.
'Victory, victory, he hath won the fight!'"

I once heard with some surprise and questioning that Saint-Gaudens preferred his seated "Lincoln" (Fig. 388)

to the standing figure in Chicago. Upon my mentioning this one day to Mr. French, the sculptor replied, "And shouldn't he?"—whereat I wondered even more. I cannot remember that Mr. French actually said that he considered the seated "Lincoln" the better work, but there was a suggestion which has always piqued my curiosity. Not that it is important; we of Chicago have so long garlanded the statue in Lincoln Park with our affections that even the decision of all of America's artistic leaders would hardly reduce our ideal to second place. It is unprecedented that a city should have two statues of the same man and from the same hand at that; quite possibly when John Crerar's offering at last finds a suitable resting-place in Grant Park a younger generation may hail it as the final and perfect expression of the great sculptor's art. Certainly a most satisfying work, it betrays no hint of the weakness which was so soon to paralyze the master-hand.

The Phillips Brooks Memorial (Fig. 342) in Boston does, however, show a marked decline. Saint-Gaudens' idea was very exalted but almost impossible of expression in sculpture—a literal and very commanding figure of the great preacher in declamatory pose and a Christ figure quite in the round behind him. If only the "Christ" could have been in lower relief, more evidently a spirit! It was a venturesome experiment, and had the master been at his best it might have added another triumph to his long list. He worked feverishly upon it and was intensely interested in the head of Christ. The result in spite of admirable features is curious rather than impressive.

343. LIBERTY MEDALLION*

344. RELIEF OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

* Photograph copyrighted by de W. C. Ward.

How shall we summarize the influence of this great artist? What beyond his direct contribution of noble work has he done for us? To appreciate his gift to America one has but to recall conditions before his coming and to think of the things which we did not then possess. Not only has every statue made in this country benefited by Saint-Gaudens' artistic probity, but through his efforts a new and hopeful union of sculpture and building has been inaugurated. Until his day our sculptors had disdained the architectural phases of their art. Their "Blind Nydias" and "Lost Pleiads" had no abiding place outside of drawing-rooms; amid the upholstery of our more pretentious homes they groped white and strangely exotic. Saint-Gaudens and his followers knew how to transform this ghost-furniture into welcome decoration. With his own hands he created the Vanderbilt mantel, carving there two beautiful caryatids—dream figures of exquisite grace.

Collaboration with Stanford White and Charles McKim resulted in work so superior to all that had preceded that the old forms of monumental design at once became obsolete. This change extended to every detail; in the matter of lettering alone the sculptor made a revelation to architects and artisans alike. Inscriptions form an important part in his decorative schemes, showing a beauty and fitness hitherto unsuspected as a quality of "mere words." His combination of portrait figures in high relief with delicate low relief ornament and inscription, as in the Bellows and McCosh memorials, has been referred to. This was entirely new in our monumental art, and

like the use of the exedra for a pedestal has since had great vogue. While those who follow have not the endowment of the master and their success has not been the same, the sum total of advance has been great. Mr. Cortissoz says most truly: "It was a fine thing that he was generous in encouragement, that he went out of his way to praise and help; but I think it was even finer that he created around himself a stimulating atmosphere, and somehow made one feel that what he must take as a matter of course was the hardest kind of hard work and the highest possible standard of excellence. I do not know how better to express the ideal that he stood for than to say that from the Saint-Gaudens point of view the doing of a scamped or insincere piece of work was a fairly shameful performance, a kind of moral wrong."

As has been so well pointed out by Mr. Kenyon Cox, Saint-Gaudens was essentially a designer and modeler; his compositions were nearly always destined for the bronze, and never suggested the wresting of imprisoned forms from the stone. Few of our sculptors are practical marble-cutters, and there is almost always a hint of the careful joiner, the patient cabinet-maker, in our work. We have not begun at the right end. Michelangelo probably meant what he said when he spoke of drinking in his art with his foster-mother's milk in that stoneyard of Settignano. To blame Saint-Gaudens because he was not a Michelangelo would be absurd. His was another pathway, and grandly did he follow it. More than any other man was he privileged to contribute to the elevation of American sculpture. His beneficent influence was all

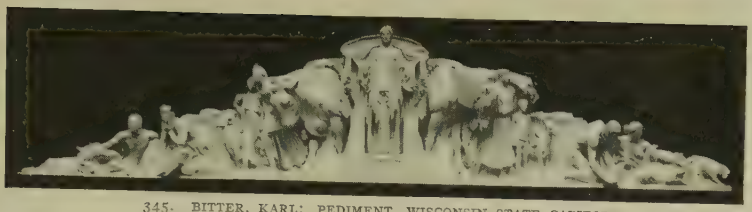
on the side of purity of line and perfection of technique. His more personal artistic gifts were, to be sure, so involved in that able craftsmanship of his that they were but slightly transferable and cannot be said to have left a marked impress upon the work of his fellows, in the sense of developing a peculiarly national art. Many have been superficially influenced, contenting themselves with the form but forgetting the spirit. Happily, however, there are not a few who emulate our greatest master in both his high ideals and his skill but who realize as well that they must think their own thoughts and employ their own language. Upon these the heritage of his exalted efforts falls as a precious benediction.

VI

SOME RECENT TENDENCIES IN AMERICAN SCULPTURE

Is it indifference or is it our sense of humor which saves us as a nation from the extravagances which just before the war were so greatly in evidence abroad? We Americans have been told more than once that we are too sane to become great artists. We accept the dubious compliment and acknowledge that we do not expect to find a Carpeaux nor a Mestrovic among us, but neither shall we add to the world's art horrors through the misguided activity of a Matisse or an Archipenko. It is out of the question; in this unresponsive atmosphere of ours such things as they put forth would simply die of neglect. The excremental school makes no appeal to the average American. Now and then an "artist" may try to win attention on our streets or in our galleries through eccentricities of attire or work, but the pleasure is all his. Like the children who "dress up" and strut upon the sidewalk, he is met with a smile of tolerance. "Culture," writes Professor Stark Young, "any wide culture, certainly, teaches the vanity of cultivating the mere sense of difference from other men. . . . . The small fry shine with singularities; great men start from their deep likeness to the race."

Unfortunately this particular tangle of races which today inhabits America has no artistic tradition



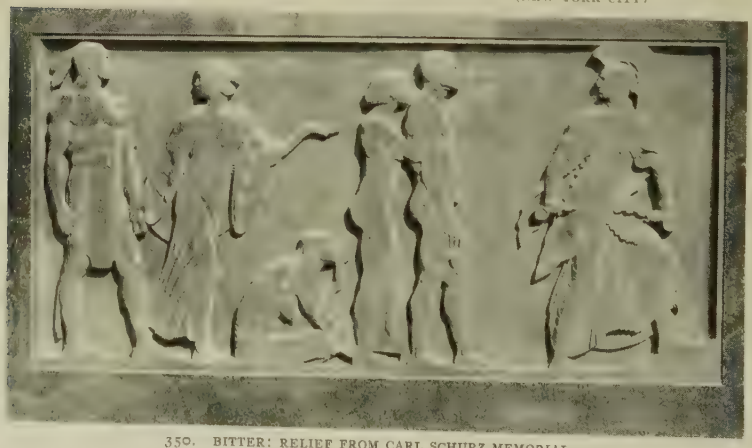
345. BITTER, KARL: PEDIMENT, WISCONSIN STATE CAPITOL (MADISON, WIS.)

346. BITTER: DETAIL OF THOMAS LOWRY MEMORIAL (MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.)

347. BITTER: DETAIL OF LOWRY MEMORIAL

348. BITTER: KASSON MEMORIAL
(UTICA, N.Y.)

349. BITTER: DETAIL, PLAZA FOUNTAIN
(NEW YORK CITY)



350. BITTER: RELIEF FROM CARL SCHURZ MEMORIAL
(NEW YORK CITY)

whatsoever, nor even an accredited psychology. We lack the "blitheness and repose" of the Greek, the "intellectuality and emotional sensibility" of the Florentine, the "convulsive energy" of those who created medieval art. Even were such endowments conceivable in an American sculptor of the twentieth century, where would he find his response, where his public prepared to apprehend sculpture as sculpture? Walter Pater writes of the Greek "appreciation of intelligent workmanship in work and of design in things designed." When one considers how rare is such appreciation in this country, how meaningless such terms to our average citizen, it seems a wonder that we have any art at all. Souls undaunted there are, however, who eagerly respond to the challenge, who seem to find stimulus in the very vacuum we try to breathe! Half-artist and half-missionary they find joy in the lonesome struggle, knowing that whatever they accomplish cannot be quite in vain.

It is my purpose to make mention in this lecture of a few significant things created in America since the beginning of the new century. In 1903 I wrote a fairly complete *History of American Sculpture*,[1] and in surveying the national achievement up to the present day I am convinced that quite as much good work has been accomplished since then as in the whole century covered by my earlier account. It is obviously impossible to do justice to so vast an exhibit in one brief hour; much must be

[1] "Untrustworthy," I have recently learned, because of the writer's uncritical attitude toward his colleagues. Perhaps it *is* a disadvantage to feel sympathetic toward one's "kind." Fortunately there are some readers, however, who consider a friendly reference better than no notice at all!

omitted and much, indeed, that is fine. If some of our best sculptors seem overlooked, it may be because they are so uniformly "dependable" as not to require our attention in this particular survey. At the present moment we are not writing a history but looking for new "tendencies" as themes of discussion.

In the untimely death of Karl Bitter we lost one of our most brilliant leaders. His whole career was so strongly characterized by experiment, by enthusiastic and intelligent attack of new problems, that it offers an inspiring chapter in the story of our composite American art.

We first heard the name of Karl Bitter in 1891 in connection with the bronze doors which he was to model for Trinity Church, New York. We were told that he, Charles Niehaus, and Massey Rhind had won in an elaborate competition; that each had a portal to make; and that the stranger was a young Austrian trained in Vienna, exceedingly clever and but recently arrived in this country.

A few months later we met him at Jackson Park, Chicago, where a half-hundred sculptors had gathered to do their part in the making of the greatest exposition that the world had ever seen. Mr. Bitter was conspicuous in the group, tall and of military bearing, fiery too, but ever genial. Soon we learned that he was called to the greatest task of all; he was to cover Richard M. Hunt's towering Administration Building with a forest of statuary. And such statuary as it was! Bernini might have shaped those restless, struggling groups. "Water Controlled" and "Water Uncontrolled," "Fire Controlled"

351. FRENCH, DANIEL CHESTER: TRASK MEMORIAL; FIGURE (SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.)

352. FRENCH: ANGEL FOR CLARK MEMORIAL

353. FRENCH: MELVIN MEMORIAL (CONCORD, MASS.)

354. FRENCH: ALICE FREEMAN PALMER MEMORIAL (WELLESLEY COLLEGE)

355. FRENCH: BROOKLYN (NEW YORK CITY)

356. FRENCH: MANHATTAN (NEW YORK CITY

357. FRENCH: AFRICA (NEW YORK CITY), CUSTOM HOUSE

358. FRENCH: SCULPTURE (ST. LOUIS, MO.)

and "Fire Uncontrolled," are some of the subjects which I recall. The service of the elements within metes and bounds was pictured with much imagination, but it was in the allegory of ungoverned forces that the young sculptor fairly reveled. His energy responded to the theme and apparently knew no shackles; the titanic compositions were brought forth at white heat. Whatever one's personal reaction to all this exuberance, we could but admire the skill and the certainty with which it was given form. Not only here but in the ability to direct the work of others did he show himself so completely the master that from that time forward he was looked upon as the one man in America equipped to superintend the sculptural embellishment of our great expositions. At Buffalo and at St. Louis the executive side of the work was in his hands, as it would have been at San Francisco had other duties permitted. He did the entire planning of the decorations of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and the enlargements from the working models were all made in great shops under his supervision.

Mr. Bitter's personal share in the adornment of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo was characteristic: two gigantic "Standard Bearers" which on their rearing steeds gallantly marked the entrance to the grounds. In the art palace, however, one found works from the same hands which indicated a changing point of view. Quite unlike the Columbian contribution and the enormous relief of "Travel" in the Broad Street Station of Philadelphia—the last of Mr. Bitter's notably flamboyant compositions—these more serious thoughts were monumentally

expressed. They were two memorials—single figures against backgrounds: the Henry Villard "Laborer" and the "Thanatos" for the Hubbard family; both of them simple, impressive conceptions which gave an unexpected glimpse of the artist's developing ideals.

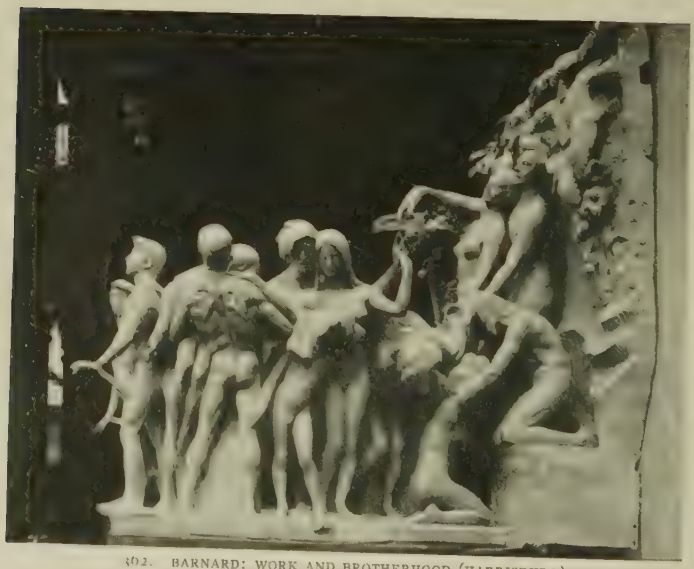
Another revelation came to us in Mr. Bitter's solution of the sculptor's most exacting problem, the design of a pedimental group. This, for the Wisconsin State Capitol (Fig. 345), was to be in granite, and he seems to have met it with rejoicing, as a new world to conquer. Not only did he make an admirable arrangement of his figures, producing what many consider the finest tympanum in this country, but he seemed especially to exult in his triumph over an unwilling medium. The granite fascinated him; more than once he sought its difficulties. Very notable is his Carl Schurz monument in Morningside Park, New York, where a fine bronze portrait of architectural inspiration is carried by an exedra described as "of gray-black granite tough as iron," decorated with the most austere of carvings (Fig. 350). These processionals, which in their flatness look like metal plates for half-tones, are beautifully drawn and composed. They are at the antipodes of the "Fire Uncontrolled" and "Water Uncontrolled" of twenty years earlier. The artist had traveled a long journey; he had learned the meaning of Goethe's profound dictum: "It is work within limits that brings the master out."

At the very time that Mr. Bitter was curbing and concentrating his ardor upon these almost Egyptian reliefs, he was making in the Lowry Memorial for

359. MACMONNIES, FREDERICK W.: PEACE

360. MACMONNIES: WASHINGTON (PRINCETON)

301. BARNARD, GEORGE GREY: BURDEN OF LIFE (HARRISBURG, PA.)



302. BARNARD: WORK AND BROTHERHOOD (HARRISBURG)

Minneapolis another delightful experiment. Here symbolic gardeners (Figs. 346 and 347) are shown in silhouette through openings surrounded by masses of conventionalized foliage. These figures, almost archaic in their simplicity, are strangely effective and, as far as I know, quite unprecedented in modern sculpture. The plaster originals have found a fit resting-place in the new halls of American sculpture in the Metropolitan Museum.

Mr. Bitter's picturesque version in high relief of the signing of the Louisiana Treaty may not have been a distinctly sculptural conception, but it was a *tour de force* of grouping and clever modeling and prepared the way for three admirable statues of Thomas Jefferson.

It was significant that one of his last thoughts should be an expression of the soul in its untrammeled flight. The Kasson Memorial (Fig. 348) has been beautifully described as "portraiture of human fears suddenly hushed in the presence of Eternity." Mr. Bitter's enthusiasm and mental alertness, united with an almost phenomenal skill, gave promise of a long sequence of inspiring works. We mourn his death as an irreparable loss to American art.

Fertile of invention and indefatigable of hand, Daniel C. French has continued his generous output. To name but his principal achievements since 1904 we have: the Parkman, the Palmer (Fig. 354), and the Melvin memorials, the figure of "Sculpture" for St. Louis, the "Genius of Creation" for San Francisco, the Rutherford Stuyvesant Memorial, the "Emerson," the standing "Lincoln" (Fig. 382) for Lincoln, Nebraska, and,

more recently, the Lafayette and Trask memorials and the colossal seated "Lincoln" for Washington, D.C. (Fig. 386).

Certain ones among these are conspicuous for their originality and their sculptural intention. Mr. French's impeccable workmanship gains new power when reinforced by an impressive mass, as in the Parkman and Melvin memorials. The "Victory" of the latter (Fig. 353) has seemed to me one of the finest things that he has produced; it is gratifying to find a replica of it in the Metropolitan Museum. Another work similar in amplitude is the personification of "Sculpture" (Fig. 358), a decoration of the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts.

The groups for the custom house of New York, particularly the "Africa" (Fig. 357), show a feeling for the whole which is less emphasized in the graceful but fragile compositions of the Cleveland post-office. Studious "Brooklyn" and proud "Manhattan" (Figs. 355 and 356) of the Manhattan Bridge are likewise noteworthy, albeit somewhat after the formula of the Cleveland groups, suggesting tableaux with many clearly defined stage properties.

Mr. French had charge of the sculptural decorations of the Brooklyn Museum, where he was assisted by Messrs. Adams, Bitter, Keck, Lukeman, Piccirilli, and others. This imposing structure was until lately in an almost inaccessible region, but it repaid a visit if only for a view of its exterior. While its pediment when seen from a distance is not quite so distinct in pattern as might be wished—it has a slightly "quilted" look—the

single figures below are admirably architectonic, like that early product of collaboration of Mr. French and Mr. Lukeman, the "Manu" of the New York Court of Appeals, and Mr. French's figures on the Minnesota State Capitol. Without exception these worthies of Brooklyn are successful statues, a very different thing from clever counterfeits of men. If not actually growing out of the building, they are evidently part of it and there to stay. How many edifices are "decorated" with human forms which seem to have strolled out upon their façades and roofs to take an airing! There is nothing casual about these marbles. They are materialized abstractions, if one may be permitted the paradox; they typify their subjects, and yet they are frankly images in stone. American architecture needed them; it was time that they came.

Mr. French's colossal seated "Lincoln" for the national memorial in Washington is not yet made public, but the small model gives promise of a statue of great distinction and most impressive mien (Fig. 386).

We close this brief résumé of the recent work of our honored leader by mention of the Trask Memorial (Fig. 351) at Saratoga Springs. The installation of this fountain is peculiarly happy. The figure of "The Spirit of Life" rises from the end of a rectangular pool of some length and has for a background a wall of masonry—an arrangement somewhat resembling the Fontaine Medicis of the Luxembourg Garden. The head of the graceful personification is a rare note in American sculpture, an embodiment of delicacy and joy which none but Mr. French could have given us.

"What is MacMonnies doing?" is a question very frequently asked. No one familiar with the achievements of this sculptor's earlier period can fail to be interested in anything that his clever hands may produce. The Exposition of 1900 brought together in Paris an amazing display of his work, the product of ten years of unparalleled activity. No sculptor had so much to show; possibly none save Coysevox ever did produce so much in that length of time. The exhibition over and medals distributed, MacMonnies announced that he was going to take a rest—"and faith he needed it!" But his active mind and nervous fingers did not know how to rest, so he found his repose in a change of employment. He painted, and no one ever had a better time painting; his virtuosity in this direction was but little less astonishing than his skill with the clay.

The war interrupted the peaceful days at Giverny and led Mr. MacMonnies back to us—an event of good fortune to his country and ultimately, one must believe, to himself as well. How greatly we need every one of these gifted sons of America —need to see them and their work—need to reassure ourselves that they really belong to us! I am confident too that we have something to give them—that the need is reciprocal. Some of their thoughts are certainly not our thoughts; by what possibility can they lead if we are not able to understand? Here, for instance, is a beautiful composition by Mr. MacMonnies —this pleading woman with battling warriors (Fig. 359)—but how exotic it is! How remote in

363. BARNARD: PRODIGAL SON (HARRISBURG)

364. BARNARD: WOMAN

365. BARNARD: KNEELING FIGURE (HARRISBURG)

360. BARTLETT, PAUL W.: LAFAYETTE (PARIS)

367. BARTLETT: PHILOSOPHY, HISTORY, ROMANCE, RELIGION. FIGURES FOR NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

every sense! Miles and centuries away from our life, it might have been chiseled by Puget.

A work on an American theme which has been completed since these lectures were given in 1917 is the large group, "Washington at Princeton" (Fig. 360), a very unusual achievement, wherein the sculptor's interest in keeping his mass "white" is happily favored by the subject. The time is winter, and the whole effect is that of falling snow. Dark holes are filled, shadows are converted into half-tones, planes are broadened and reinforced. While adroit bits of modeling show themselves here and there, and one feels confidence in an underlying structure, the literal fact is half hidden beneath a veil of mystery somewhat akin to the radiant atmosphere in which Rodin enveloped "Le Baiser." A female figure in the foreground belongs to the realm of fancy—Gallic fancy at that—but the noble "Washington," above, the sore-perplexed but ever-resolute leader, is an apotheosis which will gratify and thrill all who look upon this exalted characterization. I do not know whether this most original work betokens a "tendency" or not! Even should Mr. MacMonnies not care to repeat the experiment, it is a very suggestive sign of the times, and as an index of his evolution an interesting contrast to the more precise treatment of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial arch of Brooklyn.

It has not been my privilege to see George Barnard's heroic groups in their place upon the Harrisburg Capitol (Figs. 361–62). I have, however, pleasant recollections of two visits to the sculptor's studio at Môret while those

grandiose visions were taking shape. The vastness of the undertaking was impressive and the artist's enthusiasm most contagious. Certain fragments are photographed upon my memory with strange distinctness. A father's welcome to a repentant prodigal (Fig. 363) was a group of singular power. A very statuesque and lovely mother I recall; a stately angel and a kneeling figure worthy of any master (Fig. 365). Whether or not these two gigantic processionals epitomizing the "Joys" and "Burdens of Humanity" are architecturally conceived I leave to the judgment of those who have studied them in place, but I have no doubt regarding the sculptural beauty and strength to be found in them.

No work of American sculpture has ever had so much attention as George Barnard's "Lincoln" (Fig. 384). Some are violently enthusiastic over it, while it might be inferred from certain paragraphs in the press that there are others who do not unreservedly share this admiration. There was a period of some weeks when the writer was asked several times a day what he thought of it. The dispassionate answer with which I tried to express my judgment was never satisfactory to anyone and often brought censure from ecstatic partisans and scandalized critics alike. It is a good sign when America begins to feel strongly upon matters of art; a season of vehement cursing may ultimately lead to thought upon the subject involved!

The tempest has subsided, and it is perhaps safe to repeat that offending judgment—which satisfies no one: George Barnard is one of our most able and original

sculptors and has given in this work with admirable skill *his* idea of Lincoln. He has a perfect right to this ideal, and I am grateful to him for a thoroughly sculptural expression of it. It is not my ideal Lincoln, but that is no reason why I should not take pleasure in it. The head is very fine and tragic; the figure massively and monumentally felt. I do not care for the pliant knees, the enormous feet, nor the location of the hands with their hint of hidden woe, but I feel that the figure as a whole is an important and most interesting expression of a very sincere and gifted artist. I am grateful to him for it as I was to Rodin for the "Balzac." I am grateful to any sculptor who does some thinking upon his own account. How interesting American sculpture might become if we all did some thinking now and then!

Still another pedimental group of interest to the entire country is the great undertaking which Mr. Bartlett has successfully completed for the "House" end of the national Capitol. Let us hope that Thomas Crawford's naïve effort may be allowed to remain in the tympanum of the Senate wing for the value of the instructive contrast thus afforded. The early work was the production of an ingenious but untrained enthusiast who had no glimmer of the requirements of the problem; the recent one is the achievement of a careful student and an able sculptor. Crawford attempted to picture in one tableau, "The Past and Future of the American Republic"; Mr. Bartlett has more modestly limited himself to "Peace Protecting Genius." An earlier experience in carrying out Ward's design for the New York Stock

Exchange was of great value to the sculptor, but the rhythm of line and the charm of light and shade which he has put into this new work will set it in a class by itself. It is a most gratifying sign of progress that a commission of such importance should be intrusted by Congress to an artist of high standing.

Mr. Bartlett's contributions to the Metropolitan Library of New York (Fig. 367) have the same charm of touch which is so noticeable a quality of the Washington pediment. While not fundamentally architectural, as are the statues of the Brooklyn Institute, they possess an airy grace quite unique in American sculpture. Their faces are slightly troubled, but their draperies, rich in sculptural "color," are as filmy as rose petals, giving these separated figures the effect of white flowers hung against the marble façade.

It is not too late to mention Mr. Bartlett's equestrian "Lafayette" (Fig. 366), which after ten years or more of study and experiment was finally crystallized into permanent form. The sculptor playfully signed his completed work with a plodding tortoise—a gentle taunt to his critics and an intimation that he "got there just the same."

Mr. Dallin has remained loyal to that Indian of his and the patient horse which has carried him through all these years. Each version has been stronger and better than the last. "The Signal of Peace" (Fig. 368) in Lincoln Park, Chicago, was the first. More vivid was the "Medicine Man" (Fig. 371), and still more successful the picturesque "Scout" (Fig. 369) of Kansas

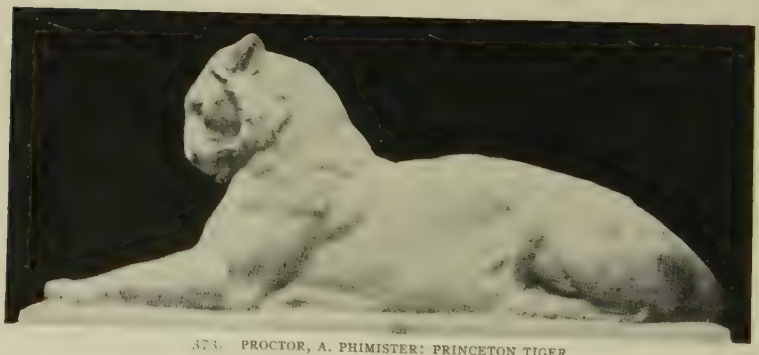
368. DALLIN, CYRUS E.: THE SIGNAL OF PEACE (LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO)

369. DALLIN: THE SCOUT (KANSAS CITY, MO.)

370. DALLIN: APPEAL TO THE GREAT SPIRIT (BOSTON)

371. DALLIN: MEDICINE MAN (FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA)

372. HYATT, ANNA VAUGHN: JOAN OF ARC (NEW YORK CITY)



373. PROCTOR, A. PHIMISTER: PRINCETON TIGER

City. The climax was reached in the impressive "Appeal to the Great Spirit" (Fig. 370), which Boston has appreciated and so highly honored. It is worthy of its position in front of the monumental Museum of Fine Arts.

Another equestrian statue of very great dignity is Miss Hyatt's "Joan of Arc" (Fig. 372) on Riverside Drive in New York. It is one of the notable achievements of recent years and confirms a solidly built reputation. No doubt the author of the wonderful jaguars of the gateposts and of so many other virile studies had this power all the time; how fortunate that opportunity permitted its complete expression in a major work! Another master in this department is Mr. Proctor. Do you know of any more statuesque treatment of the feline than he has given us in his "Princeton Tiger" (Fig. 373)? To me it is completely satisfactory.

Among the distinguished performances of the last fifteen years must be noted Mr. MacNeil's military monument for Albany. A great rectangular block of stone of imposing mass, decorated by an engirdling frieze of warriors, forms the background for a stately figure of unusual beauty, personifying the Republic.

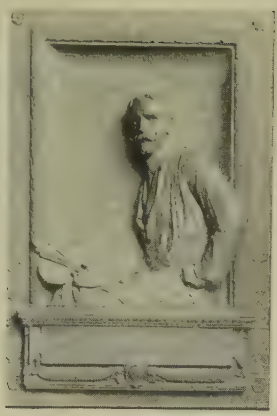
Other productions in which Mr. MacNeil has shown his good taste united with a fine decorative sense and much fluency of handling are his relief for the Washington Arch (Fig. 376), New York City, and his memorial to John W. Alexander (Fig. 375). Running through all these works is a dependable sanity most gratifying to meet amid the eccentricities and vagaries of current

endeavor. The sculptor has never exemplified this quality to better advantage than in his fine "Lincoln" model (Fig. 383), a work meriting enlargement and a prominent place. A conception of unusual and perhaps unexpected vitality was the "Adventurous Bowman" which crowned the Column of Progress at San Francisco. In the Marquette Memorial for Chicago, now in process of incubation, Mr. MacNeil has a welcome theme on lines to him familiar, which promises another important accomplishment.

"Mr. Shrady's superb lions guard in Washington the empty pedestal which awaits his great equestrian 'Grant.' If the remainder of the sculpture is as good as these creatures the monument will be a decidedly new note in Washington."

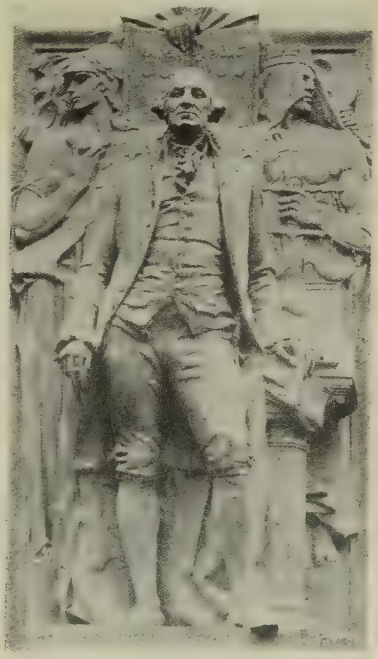
Since this paragraph was written in 1911 the years have moved along with unfailing regularity, but the main pedestal still remains vacant. Two enormous groups, however, from Mr. Shrady's hands have found their places in the unfinished composition—bronzes of incredible vigor and of a realism almost Italian. It must be confessed that at first sight one feels that a vast amount of sincerity and a wealth of skill have been expended upon a panoramic effect—that real cannon and real uniforms would have served almost as well. Those of us who know Mr. Shrady's high ideals and past triumphs are compelled to withhold judgment until the work is complete. Its climax is not yet there, and one may well believe that all this violence of action and insistence upon detail is planned as a foil to something impressively calm

374. MACNEIL, HERMON A.: MEMORIAL TO SOLDIERS AND SAILORS (ALBANY, N.Y.)



375. MACNEIL: ALEXANDER MEMORIAL (NEW YORK CITY)

376. MACNEIL: RELIEF ON WASHINGTON ARCH (WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY)



377. CALDER, A. STERLING: RELIEF ON WASHINGTON ARCH (WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY)

378. O'CONNOR, A.: GENERAL LAWTON (INDIANAPOLIS, IND.)

379. O'CONNOR: SERENITY. MONUMENT TO GENERAL THOMAS (TARRYTOWN, N.Y.)

380 O'CONNOR: SOLDIER (WORCESTER, MASS.)

381. O'CONNOR: INSPIRATION (ST. LOUIS, MO.)

and nobly statuesque. We have it in Mr. Shrady's "Washington"; undoubtedly we shall not be disappointed here.

Recurring once more to sculpture purely decorative in intent, I desire to express a never-diminishing gratification in those works of Andrew O'Connor which for some years embellished the front of the elder St. Bartholomew's Church in New York. I seldom found myself in the neighborhood of the Grand Central Station without stepping over to Madison Avenue to study and admire the craftsmanship of that fascinating frieze. In its union of richness and simplicity it is indeed a remarkable achievement. Where shall we look for a better illustration of intelligent carving? Every chisel-stroke has been made to count. O'Connor's bronze doors likewise held their own in a contest of beauty with very distinguished rivals. No doubt the entire ensemble is as effective upon the new St. Bartholomew's as it was in its former setting.

Of this artist's later works none gives greater pleasure than his impressionistic "General Lawton" (Fig. 378) in Indianapolis. In its handling it recalls to memory an experiment of the Italian sculptor Rosso which was shown in the Paris Exposition of 1900, a head entitled "Girl Smiling in Sunlight." Mr. O'Connor acknowledges that he had in mind not only the uniform worn by his subject in the Philippines but its very look in the glare of tropical sunlight. To unimaginative plodders the proposition sounds far-fetched, but the result is delightful. The "Workmen" of the Governor Johnson Monument, at

St. Paul, show the same suavity of plastic touch; his "Soldier" (Fig. 380) for Worcester, Massachusetts, is likewise an admirable example. In these, as in his "Serenity" (Fig. 379), and the even more beautiful "Inspiration" (Fig. 381) of St. Louis, he has managed to retain in the finished work all of the freshness and charm of the sketch model—an accomplishment as rare as it is gratifying.

Mr. O'Connor's recent "Lincoln" (Fig. 385) for Springfield, Illinois, while not so violently attacked as has been Mr. Barnard's version of the same great theme, is likely to cause much discussion. Of the beauty of the head there is no question; it is the pose of the figure and particularly its thin chest and narrow shoulders which have been criticized. On the other hand, as with Barnard's work, there are admirers who claim that beyond all others this is "the real Lincoln," a statue more satisfying to them than even Saint-Gaudens' masterpiece. At any rate the public has the pleasure of knowing that what is offered us is no accident; O'Connor and Barnard are sculptors of imagination, and both have the completeness of skill to express what they have conceived.

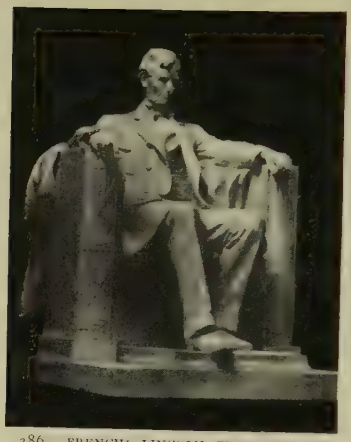
The eminence to which Charles Grafly has attained is so well recognized that a groping but more or less conscientious reviewer knows for once what to say. We love to classify men with a word; here is a most welcome opportunity! Grafly is our master of portraiture (Figs. 390 96). What Houdon was in his day and Paul Dubois in his, such is the position that Charles Grafly holds among us. He has shown more than once that he

382. FRENCH: LINCOLN (LINCOLN, NEB.)

383. MAC NEIL: LINCOLN

384. BARNARD: LINCOLN (CINCINNATI, OHIO)

385. O'CONNOR. LINCOLN (SPRINGFIELD, ILL.)



386. FRENCH: LINCOLN, FROM LINCOLN MEMORIAL (WASHINGTON, D.C.)

387. NIEHAUS, CHARLES H.: LINCOLN (BUFFALO, N.Y.)

388. SAINT-GAUDENS: LINCOLN (CHICAGO)

389. WEINMAN, ADOLF A.: LINCOLN (HODGENSVILLE, KY.)

can model the nude far better than can most of his colleagues; but the "Vulture of War," the "Symbol of Life," and other admirable performances seem to find diminishing echo in the master's recent busy years. Meantime the busts are multiplying. Perhaps Mr. Grafly enjoys them more than he did his strange allegories. How can he help it? In his hands the soul gives up its secrets. The masks that men wear have for him an irresistible lure. He must penetrate them—must secure and present the spirit within. Which of us would not devote himself to this great adventure of "saving souls," of immortalizing friends, if we possessed such magic as is his? But see what he does to his colleagues in any exhibition; how like decaying vegetables are most of our portraits beside his! Our efforts at construction suggest frostbitten pumpkins, our feverish clutch upon "characteristics" sets familiar features—noses and eyebrows—afloat upon a boneless expanse. It is a precarious likeness that is so painfully assembled. One comfort remains: the more we do and the more we fail, the more complete is our recognition of Grafly's mastery. His splendid integrity is helping us all, and the next generation will thank him even more than do we.

To one of his pupils at least Mr. Grafly has been able to convey the secret of his gift. Mr. Albin Polasek has produced busts of the same quality, as for example his fine presentment of Frank Millet (Fig. 397).

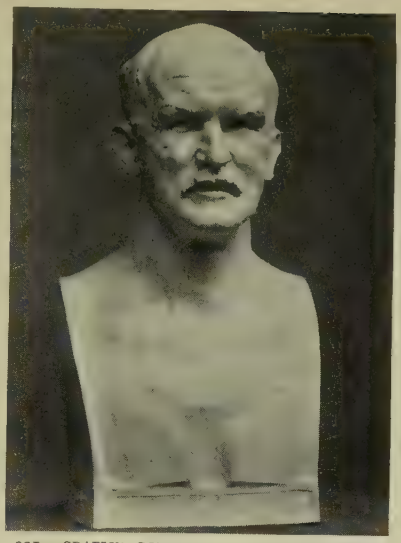
More than once has good fortune turned her face toward Chester Beach, of California. It was his happy luck to win the American "Prix de Rome," but a kindly

star brought him in the Eternal City an opportunity which has not come to his comrades. It chanced that his lodgings overlooked a deserted marble-yard where lay many a formless block and slab of the precious material so rare in other lands. Then in some wonderful, incredible fashion the young sculptor's wildest dream was realized: he was told to use any of this débris which might happen to suit his fancy. For many days, he recalls, his joyous recreation consisted in "thinking" figures and groups into the chunks of creamy stone. What an enviable privilege; what a training for a sculptor's imagination!

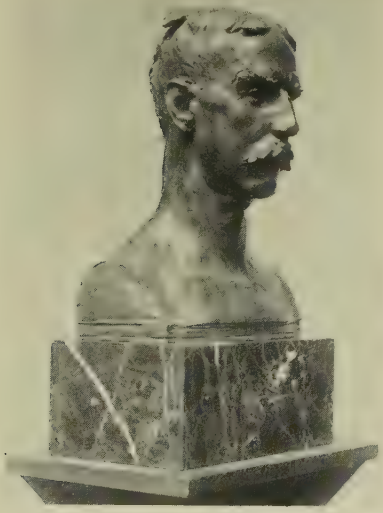
Sometimes in Mr. Beach's exhibitions the observer finds himself wishing that those fragments had been a little more compact. There are clusters of small figures which seem strangely unrelated—formless masses as in Rodin's "Child's Dream." Yes, one might wish that Mr. Beach had never seen anything of Rodin's, at least none of those later eccentricities of his. Here too are nudes like "Beyond" (Fig. 402), with heads so personal—and bodies as well, for that matter—that the spectator feels a bit embarrassed, as though he had stepped into the wrong bathroom.

But, all in all, these exhibits with which Mr. Beach has favored us are very stimulating; they represent a vast amount of enthusiastic industry and a skill which points to an even more complete and signal triumph in the near future. Indeed we find here its distinct guaranty, for among these graceful symbols of human emotion are examples of masterful workmanship; not servile imitations of nature nor of another man's work, but a

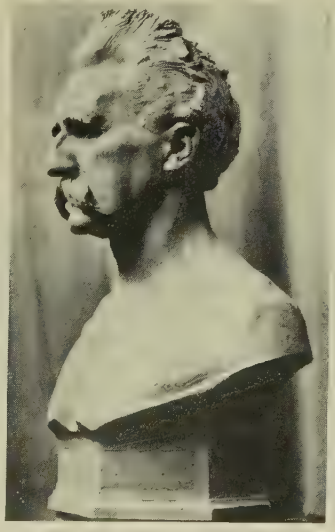
390. GRAFLY, CHARLES: PORTRAIT OF FRANK DUVENECK



391. GRAFLY: PORTRAIT OF DR. JOSEPH PRICE

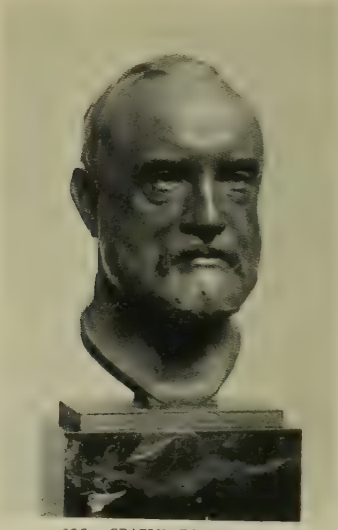


392. GRAFLY: PORTRAIT OF THOMAS ANSHUTZ



393. GRAFLY: PORTRAIT OF HERMANN KOTSZCHMAR

394. GRAFLY: PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM PAXTON



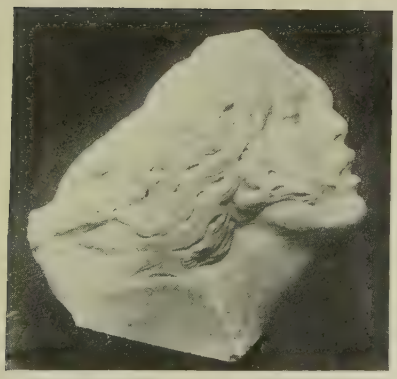
395. GRAFLY: PORTRAIT OF GEORGE C. THOMAS

390. GRAFLY: PORTRAIT OF PAUL W. BARTLETT

397. POLASEK, ALBIN: PORTRAIT OF FRANK D. MILLET

398. BEACH, CHESTER: HEAD IN GRAY MARBLE

399. BEACH: CRYING BABY



400. BEACH: WAVE HEAD

401. BEACH: BABY HEAD

402. BEACH: BEYOND

403. BEACH: SACRED FIRE

404. BORGLUM, SOLON H.: INDIAN MOURNERS

405. MCCARTAN, EDWARD: PAN

very clear and individual expression. Turn back, if you will, throughout the pages of this book and see where you find anything more sculpturally conceived, more directly portrayed, than the weird "Head in Gray Marble" (Fig. 398), the "Wave Head" (Fig. 400), or the sore-afflicted "Crying Baby" (Fig. 399). This is real sculpture. I discover few more interesting examples in recent art.

Mr. Beach's "Sacred Fire" (Fig. 403) is perhaps his most poetic conception. In wholesome fear of the prettiness of another generation—of smooth "Peri" and polished "Persephone"—these younger men go out of their way to avoid all suspicion of the "ideal." Their heads are strongly individualized, and they follow Rodin in exaggeration of the extremities—this figure has been most generously endowed as to hands and feet. But the carving is fine, and, above all, in its beautiful, significant pose we have here a symbol of the consecration which makes it possible for the sacred flame to be passed on from one generation to another. May it never fail us in this great land of the unknown future!

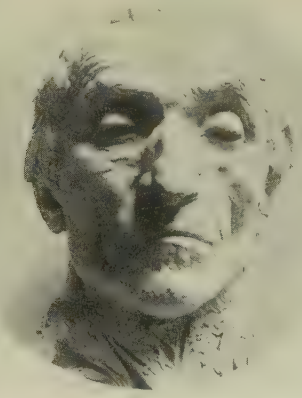
The exigencies of our picture gallery create some strange companionships. Solon Borglum's "Indian Mourners" (Fig. 404), if not the "latest" thing in sculpture, is perennially interesting, while Edward McCartan's "Pan" (Fig. 405) has the grace and charm which we have come to expect in all work of this artist.

Mr. Fraser's artistic successes have been a source of continuous pleasure to his friends of the Middle West and particularly to his early companions of the Art Institute

of Chicago. Whatever he does is striking, whether it be an equestrian statue like "The End of the Trail" or a tiny medal. In low relief he has to his credit some of the best work produced in this country since Saint-Gaudens, as his delightful "Children of Harry Payne Whitney." Mr. Fraser's heads are vivid and full of personality. His "Roosevelt" is well known, and a certain bust of an old man deserves to be (Fig. 408). A "Mask of a Young Girl" (Fig. 407) is especially fascinating. I remember that its elfish charm appealed to me at the Academy exhibition beyond anything else; it was the one distinct memory which I carried away with me. Upon a later occasion a copy chanced to stand in the Trustees' room at the Art Institute. A committee of some kind which was expected came not—at least the illusive "quorum" was lacking. Those who had made the mistake of being on time sat and waited. After a while someone put this head upon the table where the light from a large north window cut across it. It proved a "first aid" which at once made life interesting. Naturally the cast was turned from time to time to bring out new beauties, and finally rotated slowly as if by clockwork. The little group was speedily hypnotized by that magic of lights and shadows. The changing effect was as lovely as can be conceived, its transitions like exquisite musical harmonies. Often one or another would cry: "Keep it there"—"Turn it back a little"—"Not so fast!" To everyone—painters and sculptors alike—it gave a new revelation of the "overtones" of modeling, the charm which favoring light reveals where a master has done his best. The head

406. FRASER, JAMES EARLE: THE END OF THE TRAIL
(SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.)

407. FRASER: MASK



408. FRASER: HEAD OF AN OLD MAN

409. CALDER: DEPEW FOUNTAIN (INDIANAPOLIS, IND.)

410. CALDER: TRIUMPH OF ENERGY

had not yet been cut in marble; this superb craftsmanship had been expended upon the clay. The experiment suggested delightful possibilities of moving photographs of sculpture—but how few modern works could stand such a test as this!

"The End of the Trail" (Fig. 406), a singularly appealing work, was designed some years ago, but, like so many things conceived and sketched in a burst of enthusiasm, it found ample time to cool upon a dusty shelf. When the Panama-Pacific Exposition was in process of adornment, the dejected little model nosed its way into the light and was hailed as a most appropriate memorial to the Indian and his long sunset trail ending at the Great Water of the West. The enlargement was one of the really significant decorations of that mighty display and made Mr. Fraser known to the entire country.

Mr. Calder, whom poor health sent to the West some years ago, came back with a vigor which is increasingly dynamic. His enthusiastic direction of the sculpture of the Panama-Pacific Exposition brought him new opportunity and new laurels. With a fertile invention and a style of great originality his personal contributions were abundant and notable. The "Triumph of Energy" (Fig. 410) was characteristic in subject and treatment. His development of Mr. Bitter's suggestion for the Depew Memorial Fountain (Fig. 409) in Indianapolis is a delightful work.

Another triumph of the western exposition which won enthusiastic praise was Mr. Aitken's appropriately spectacular "Fountain of the Earth." We all had known

and recognized Captain Aitken's unusual talent, but such exuberance of fancy and facility of modeling as he showed in this happy work was a gratifying revelation. There was in it the inspiration of a home-coming to his beloved California, and he rose mightily to the appeal.

Among other ephemeral beauties of that fairyland one recalls with pleasure Weinman's poetic "Dawn" and "Evening," Jaeger's robust and sculpturally conceived "Harvest," Zimm's exquisite frieze, "The Struggle for the Beautiful," Ellerhusen's "Guardian of the Arts," slightly archaic and admirably architectural, and Arthur Putnam's graceful "Mermaid Fountain." A relief by Konti of trumpeting figures shows unwonted sobriety; in design and color it is the finest work I know from this able sculptor. Fountains by the gifted and lamented Edith Woodman Burroughs and by Mrs. Whitney revealed strongly personal notes, while Evelyn Longman's "Fountain of Ceres" was exceptionally attractive. Miss Longman's most notable achievement of recent years is the dignified decoration of the Logan Square Monument in Chicago, a happy solution of a difficult problem.

Where all are so gifted as are the Piccirillis it seems unfair to name but a single member of the house. It chances, however, that three works by Attilio illustrate so well the high ideals of this artistic family and are so completely sculptural in conception that they must be included. If in the principal marble group of the Maine Memorial virtuosity carried the day over architectural restraint, and mass was sacrificed to attenuation, there are fragments there which represent the highest technical

411. PICCIRILLI, ATILLIO: THE ATLANTIC. FIGURE FROM MAINE MEMORIAL (NEW YORK CITY)

412. PICCIRILLI: A SOUL

413. PICCIRILLI: THE OUTCAST

414. QUINN, EDMUND T.: STATUE OF EDWIN BOOTH (GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK CITY)

415. MC KENZIE, R. TAIT: STATUE OF WHITEFIELD (UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, PHILADELPHIA)

416. FRY, SHERRY E.: CAPTAIN ABBEY (TOMPKINSVILLE, CONN.)

417. MANSHIP, PAUL H.: REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER (DANVILLE, ILL.)

attainment of American sculpture. No better modeling and carving have been done in this country than you will find in the male figures personifying the oceans (Fig. 411). "The Outcast" (Fig. 413) has offered its tragic welcome at the portals of various art exhibits. As a personification of hospitality it may appear somewhat incongruous, but as an example of a sculptural thought powerfully expressed it is worthy of the highest praise. Yet another beautiful work from the same hand is "A Soul" (Fig. 412); fortunately it had not yet separated itself from a very lovely body!

A propos of which engaging theme I must mention Mr. Rudolph Evans' "The Golden Hour" (Fig. 420), which for "sheer youth and loveliness" is a joy. It has the charm of life plus eternity.

Our sculptors have produced some excellent portrait figures during these years. Among them one cites with pleasure Mr. Quinn's "Edwin Booth" (Fig. 414) in Gramercy Park, New York City. Of course no finer subject could possibly be found, and Mr. Quinn has appreciated his opportunity. The character in which he has chosen to portray Booth is Hamlet, and in costume, pose, expression, and accessories down to the last caressing touch upon the singularly beautiful pedestal he has made the monument a labor of love. Add to this the charm and fitness of the surroundings—the statue faces southward, looking toward the actor's nearby residence, now the home of "The Players"—and we have that rare thing in American sculpture, a completely satisfying work in an ideal setting.

Another striking portrait is the "Whitefield" (Fig. 415) by Dr. R. Tait McKenzie. Here again subject and costume lend themselves most fortunately to a picturesque result which the artist has with admirable taste made statuesque as well. One expects interesting work from this progressive sculptor; in the "Whitefield" he has given us one of the most powerful characterizations in recent American sculpture. Mr. Crunelle in his "Governor Oglesby" for Lincoln Park, Chicago, has created a striking presentment of a very sturdy and typical American—a figure not unworthy to stand in the same park with Saint-Gaudens' "Lincoln."

Sherry Fry is another of our western men whose career the Art Institute follows with gratified interest. His study with us was supplemented by the scholarship in Rome at a time when the archaistic revival was not yet in full swing. He did not entirely escape it, and upon occasions its influence tinges his work with a certain monumental austerity by no means unpleasant. A good illustration is his memorial fountain (Fig. 419) for St. George, Staten Island, wherein he acknowledges his debt to one of the most ancient sources of inspiration. He has borrowed not only the style but the very pose of the dominant figure of Olympia's West pediment. This audacious but reverent appeal to Apollo has not incurred the displeasure of the mighty sun-god; rather has it been well rewarded, for nothing could be more satisfying as an expression of "Peace" than the divinity whose commanding gesture quells the struggle of Centaur and Lapith. The thought was a stroke of genius, and the

418. FRY: MAHASKA
(OSKALOOSA, IOWA)

419. FRY: MAJOR C. BURRET MEMORIAL
(ST. GEORGE, STATEN ISLAND, N.Y.)

420. EVANS, RUDOLF: THE GOLDEN HOUR
(METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK CITY)

421. GREGORY, JOHN: DECORATIVE FIGURE
(ROSLYN, N.Y.)

422. MANSHIP: PAULINE

423. MANSHIP: THE LITTLE BROTHER

424. GREGORY: APHRODITE

425. MANSHIP: AIR

execution of Mr. Fry's monument is worthy of the imagination which suggested it.

Less satisfactory to my mind is the "Captain Abbey" (Fig. 416), which, like Mr. Manship's Revolutionary hero at Danville, Illinois (Fig. 417), seems created to demonstrate the unfitness of a borrowed and primitive method for the expression of a modern theme. One must admit, however, that both figures are very decorative. Mr. Fry's early and suave "Mahaska" (Fig. 418) may not be absolutely precise on ethnological lines but it is unquestionably a handsome figure most skilfully modeled.

One of Mr. Fry's happiest experiments is a so-called "Unfinished Figure" now in the Metropolitan Museum, a graceful draped female form kept so simple and "white" that it is the most striking object in the room. It might be a Tanagra figurine enlarged to life-size without addition of detail. That a work of sculpture can be at the same time so dainty and so massive is indeed remarkable.

Mr. John Gregory is also a votary of the ancient cult. Sufficiently severe to attract attention, his "Aphrodite" (Fig. 424) is not without charm. She may not appeal as a "fireside companion," but for the purpose of architectural decoration the treatment of this relief is praiseworthy. More attractive, however, is the piping nymph (Fig. 421), an ideal figure for a garden. How our gardens need such adornments as these! What happy days are ahead for the sculptors of another generation when they really begin peopling bosquets and parterres with the gleaming children of their dreams!

Without question the superficially dominant tendency among the younger American sculptors is that same archaistic vogue, brought over by the graduates of the school in Rome. It is an interesting if inexplicable eddy in the current of American art. It has had its brief day in the capitals of Europe and will doubtless soon be out of fashion here excepting as its conventions aid in the treatment of certain details which must always be somewhat arbitrary. Hair has to be conventionalized in some fashion or other, and drapery in a less degree. Our leading exponent of this new-old style, Mr. Paul Manship, is assured of more than temporary recognition, because his fanciful bronzes are generally sculpture by first intention, and furthermore are often but slightly archaistic. In one of the most charming, "The Little Brother" (Fig. 423), only the hair and the drapery show the influence of the Museum of Naples, and there is not drapery enough to hurt. The "Centaur and Dryad" (Fig. 426) is a curious note to find in American sculpture, although so frequent in German art. Said a playful but appreciative admirer: "Mr. Manship employs a dozen men, chiseling and elaborating these echoes of Olympia; if a dozen returning graduates of the American School in Rome should have the same success, what a lot of ancient sculpture twelve dozen pairs of skilful hands could turn out." And what an amazing expression of national ideals—imagine mystified savants gravely discussing these anachronisms a few centuries hence!

If the other eleven were to bring forth bronzes as beautiful as "The Little Brother" or "Playfulness," and

426. MANSHIP: CENTAUR AND DRYAD

427. FRIEDLANDER, LEO: MONUMENT TO VOLUNTEERS OF A NATIONAL WAR

428. FRIEDLANDER: INFANT HERCULES

429. HOWARD, CECIL DE B.: AFTERNOON OF A FAUN

marbles carved with the conscience that Mr. Manship reveals in the striking portrait of his baby (Fig. 422), we should be grateful indeed for the contribution; but suppose all were constrained to design "Elements" like the strange relief, "Air" (Fig. 425), each a compilation from a dozen different styles! To the American who has stayed at home such pyrotechnics are rather bewildering. Truly we are the heirs of the ages, and some prodigals delight in decking themselves—or their works—with the entire heritage. "Art is for those who enjoy it"; one might learn to love such manifestations as these; but, for the present, pedestrian conservatism can only remark that Mr. Manship must have had great fun in making them!

Yes, the work of some of the younger men might well serve as a test of advancing years: at least one sculptor who had imagined himself eclectic and liberal suddenly perceived the approach of old age when he used as a touchstone Mr. Leo Friedlander's effigy of a grim rider, his "Monument to the Volunteers of a National War" (Fig. 427). "A proposed military memorial," we read —for Germany or Austria yes, but for America not quite yet, please! When the twelve times twelve have gotten in their work the United States may be sufficiently cultivated to crystallize its patriotism into such alien forms as these. But some of the old fogies are hoping to be dead before that day!

Another work by Mr. Friedlander, the "Infant Hercules" (Fig. 428), is so robust and so amply modeled that it is welcome, whatever it may mean. How happily that baby's kick preserves the equilibrium!

The boys keep right on; the plot deepens. An up-to-date gem like Cecil Howard's "Afternoon of a Faun" (Fig. 429) dazes one a bit; language becomes incoherent. One has recourse to his notes: "Undoubtedly this group represents the climax of joyous insouciance. The artist has divested his figures not only of all care, but equally of anatomy and composition . . . . mechanical toys . . . . galvanized spontaneity . . . . jazz. . . . ." Even the notes have become undecipherable. It is just as well; why attempt to characterize what obviously one does not understand? But old age is game and awaits with lively interest the next development of American sculpture—those most recent tendencies of all: the ones yet to come!

INDEX

INDEX

Adams, Herbert, 124
Aichele, Paul, 72; Fig. 244
Aitken, Robert I., 139, 140
Archipenko, Alexandre, 27, 118; Fig. 61
Aronson, Naoum, 82–83; Figs. 280–87

Babb, S. Nicholson, 80
Balzac, Honoré de, 16, 92
Barnard, George Grey, 127–29, 134; Figs. 361–65, 384
Baroni, Eugenio, 87
Barrias, Louis Ernest, 26, 33; Figs. 65, 66, 86
Barth, Georg, 55; Fig. 154
Bartholomé, Albert, 37–38, 67; Fig. 107
Bartlett, Paul W., 129–30; Figs. 366, 367
Barwig, Franz, 70
Barye, Antoine-Louis, 4
Baudry, Paul, 33
Bayes, Gilbert, 79; Figs. 261, 262
Beach, Chester, 135–37; Figs. 398–403
Begas, Reinhold, 51, 52
Behn, Fritz, 70; Fig. 230
Besnard, Albert, 16
Biondi, Ernesto, 84–86; Figs. 288, 289
Bistolfi, Leonardo, 87–88; Figs. 290–96
Bitter, Karl, 120–24, 139; Figs. 345–50
Blay, Miguel, 89
Borglum, Solon, 137; Fig. 404
Bouchard, Henry, 38, 42–44; Figs. 131–37, 146
Boucher, Jean, 47; Fig. 143
Bouguereau, A. W., 26
Bourdelle, Emile, 38, 41; Figs. 122–28
Braecke, Pierre, 81
Brancusi, Constantin, 27; Figs. 59, 60, 62
Breuer, Peter, 56; Fig. 162
Brock, Sir Thomas, 77; Fig. 258
Brownell, W. C., 24, 35
Brütt, Adolph, 72; Fig. 245
Burnham, D. H., 110
Burroughs, Edith Woodman, 140

Calder, A. Sterling, 139; Figs. 377, 409, 410
Canciani, Alfonso, 86
Canova, Antonio, 50
Carlès, Antonin Jean, 36; Fig. 99
Carpeaux, J. B., 7, 24, 26, 118
Carrier-Belleuse, 5
Champeil, J. B., 35; Fig. 84
Chapu, Henri, 26, 89
Charbonneaux, Pierre, 40; Fig. 117
Charpentier, Félix, 37; Figs. 101, 102
Clara, José, 89; Figs. 300, 301
Claudel, Camille, 36; Figs. 95–98
Clemens, Benjamin, 80
Colton, Robert, 79; Fig. 256
Coquiot, Gustave, 4
Cordonnier, Alphonse, 36, 46; Figs. 100, 141
Cortissoz, Royal, 21, 23, 106, 116
Cox, Kenyon, 2, 11, 104, 107, 116
Cruncle, Leonard, 142

Dagonet, Ernest, 38; Fig. 106
Dallin, Cyrus E., 130–31; Figs. 368–71
Dalou, Jules, 8, 25, 30, 34; Fig. 63
Damman, Hans, 67; Fig. 210

Dampt, Jean, 38
David, Fernand, 46; Fig. 139
Delaplanche, Eugène, 6, 27
Desbois, Jules, 47; Fig. 144
Despiau, Charles, 46; Fig. 150
Dubois, Ernest, 39; Fig. 104
Dubois, Paul, 26, 134
Drury, Alfred, 78; Figs. 252–54

Eberlein, Gustav, 55; Fig. 161
Eichler, Theodor, 65; Fig. 199
Eldh, Carl, 82; Figs. 276, 277
Elkan, Benno, 66, 67; Figs. 201, 214–16
Ellerhusen, Ulric H., 140
Epstein, Jacob, 80
Evans, Rudolph, 141; Fig. 420

Falguière, Alexandre, 17, 35; Figs. 91–94
Favre, Maurice, 48; Fig. 153
Feuerhahn, Hermann, 66
Frampton, Sir George, 79; Figs. 259, 260
Fraser, James Earle, 137–39; Figs. 406–8
Frémiet, Emmanuel, 17; Fig. 78
French, Daniel C., 114, 123–25; Figs. 351–58, 382, 386
Friedlander, Leo, 145; Figs. 427, 428
Fry, Sherry, 142–43; Figs. 416, 418, 419

Garbe, Richard, 80
Gaudier-Brzeska, 28, 41; Figs. 55–58
Gaul, August, 70; Figs. 229, 231, 232
Gauquié, Henri, 33; Fig. 72
Georgii, Theodor, 71; Fig. 235
Gilbert, Alfred, 76; Figs. 247–50
Gilder, Richard Watson, 113
Gillet, Louis, 4
Gillick, Ernest G., 80
Gourmont, Remy de, 95
Grafly, Charles, 134–35; Figs. 390–96
Gregory, John, 143; Figs. 421, 424
Guillaume, Emile, 40; Fig. 116

Habich, Ludwig, 69; Figs. 225, 226
Hahn, Hermann, 70; Figs. 227, 228
Haller, Hermann, 67, 70; Figs. 211, 234
Hanak, Anton, 68, 69; Figs. 217–21, 223
Hanin, Jeanne, 49; Fig. 152
Hildebrand, Adolf, 54–55; Fig. 155
Hoetger, Bernhard, 65; Figs. 202–4
Howard, Cecil, 146; Fig. 429
Hunt, Richard M., 120
Hyatt, Anna Vaughn, 131; Fig 372

Jacques, Marcel, 48; Fig. 151
Jacquot, Charles, 46; Fig. 148
Jaegers, Albert, 140
James, Henry, 75
John, Goscome, 79
Jojon, Mlle, 39; Fig. 111

Keck, Charles, 124
Klinger, Max, 56; Figs. 163, 164
Kolbe, Georg, 71; Figs. 236–39
Konti, Isadore, 140
Kowarik, Hubert, 67; Fig. 213
Krikawa, Karl, 72; Fig. 246
Kyffhäuser Monument, 58; Figs. 172, 173

Lambeaux, Jef, 81
Landowski, Paul, 41; Figs. 129, 130
Lang, Otto, 55
Lange, Arthur, 71; Fig. 241
Langer, Richard, 70; Fig. 233
Larche, François, 32; Fig. 71
Laurens, Jean Paul, 8
Lederer, Hugo, 57, 69; Figs. 158, 165, 167–69, 222, 224
Lefebvre, Hippolyte, 40; Fig. 115
Lefèvre, Camille, 38; Fig. 105

Lehmbruck, Wilhelm, 63; Figs. 196, 197
Leighton, Sir Frederick, 75
Lessing, Otto, 55
Ligeti, Nicolas, 90; Fig. 304
Limburg, Josef, 72; Fig. 243
Loiseau-Bailly, Fig. 79
Longman, Evelyn, 140
Lorrain, Claude, 12
Lüksch, Professor, 70
Lukeman, H. Augustus, 124–25
Luksch-Makowska, Elma, 66; Fig. 206

MacKennal, Bertram, 78; Fig. 255
MacMonnies, Frederick, 100, 126–27; Figs. 359, 360
MacNeil, Hermon A., 131–32; Figs. 374–76, 383
Maillol, Aristide, 38, 40, 65; Figs. 118–21
Maison, Rudolf, 55
Mallarmé, Stephan, 15
Manship, Paul H., 143–45; Figs. 417, 422, 425, 426
Maroti, Geza, 91
Marqueste, Laurent H., Fig. 76
Martiny, Philip, 110
Massoule, A., Fig. 80
Mather, Frank Jewett, 30
Matisse, Henri, 27, 118; Figs. 51–54
Mauclair, Camille, 12, 22, 59
McCartan, Edward, 137; Fig. 405
McKenzie, R. Tait, 142; Fig. 415
McKim, Charles, 115
Mercié, Antonin, 27, 33; Figs. 64, 87
Mestrovic, Ivan, 92–95, 118; Figs. 311–18
Metzner, Franz, 59–63, 92; Figs. 166, 170, 171, 174–94
Meunier, Constantin, 80–81; Figs. 263–65
Michel, Gustave, 34, 47; Figs. 85, 145
Milles, Carl, 82; Figs. 272–75
Minne, Georg, 81; Figs. 269–71
Missfeldt, Heinrich, 72; Fig. 242
Monard, Louis de, 47; Fig. 149
Monvel, L. M. Boutet de, 110
Moreau, Mathurin, 34; Fig. 82

Niderhausern-Rodo, August, 89
Niehaus, Charles, 120; Fig. 387

O'Connor, Andrew, 133–34; Figs. 378–81, 385

Pater, Walter, 74, 119
Petri, Otto, 55
Piccirilli, Atillio, 124, 140; Figs. 411–31
Piron, Eugène Désiré, 33; Fig. 74
Polasek, Albin, 135; Fig. 397
Proctor, A. Phimister, 131; Fig. 373
Puech, Denys, 31–32; Figs. 67–69, 70, 77
Putnam, Arthur, 140
Puvis de Chavannes, P., 9

Quérol, Augustin, 89; Figs. 297–99
Quillivic, René, 46; Figs. 140, 147
Quinn, Edmund T., 141; Fig. 414

Rhind, Massey, 120
Rivière, Louis, 39; Fig. 109
Roche, Pierre, 34; Fig. 81
Rodenbach, Georges, 3, 16
Rodin, Auguste, 1–23, 24, 26, 30, 36, 37, 38, 41, 42, 65, 72, 90, 92, 127, 129, 136, 137; Figs. 1–50
Roger-Bloche, Paul, 39; Figs. 112–14
Rousseau, Victor, 81; Fig. 266
Roux, Constant, 47; Fig. 138
Rude, François, 23–26, 34

Saint-Gaudens, Augustus, 53, 97–117, 134; Frontispiece, Portrait; Figs. 319–44, 388
Saint-Gaudens, Homer, 101, 103
Saint-Marceaux, René de, 27, 35; Figs. 88, 90
Sargent, John S., 9
Schmitz, Bruno, 58
Seger, Ernst, 71; Fig. 240

Shrady, Henry M., 132
Sicard, François, 35, 44, 45; Figs. 83, 89, 103, 142
Sieburg, George, 66; Figs. 207–9
Sieges Allee, 53–54
Siemering, Rudolph, 51–52
Sinding, Stephen, 81
Spielman, M. H., 76
Stemolak, Karl, 67; Fig. 212
Story, W. W., 97
Stuck, Franz, 56; Fig. 159
Stursa, Jan, 91–92; Figs. 305–10

Taine, Henri, 74
Thornycroft, Hamo, 78; Fig. 251
Tisné, Jean Lucien, 39; Fig. 110
Toft, Albert, 80; Fig. 257
Troubetzkoy, Prince Paul, 82, 84; Figs. 278, 279
Tuaillon, Louis, 56; Figs. 157, 160

Uhde, Fritz von, 50
Upheus, Joseph, 54; Fig. 156

Van Biesbroeck, J., 81; Figs. 267, 268
Verlet, Charles Raoul, 33; Fig. 73
Vermare, André, 39; Fig. 108
Villeneuve, Jacques, 33, Fig. 75
Volk, Leonard, 105

Wackerle, Joseph, 64; Figs. 198, 200
Weinman, Adolf A., 140; Fig. 389
Weyr, Adolphe von, 66; Fig. 205
Whistler, J. A. McN., 73
White, Stanford, 115
Whitney, Mrs. Harry Paine, 140
Wilfert, Karl, 63; Fig. 195
Young, Stark, 118

Zimm, Bruno Louis, 140

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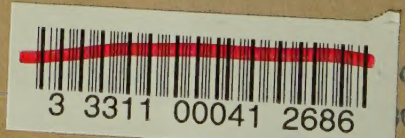

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